THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEAD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

Dead! dead! Oh! how fearful, appalling the word.
What dark desolation it brings! How it sinks
In the heart till it throbs and it aches!
How it wails in the winds, rolls up on the waves—
Drifts by us in silence and beats in the rain,
Till, heart-sick and brain-sick, we long for this Death,
As a medicine to heal all our woes.

E'en the sunshine grows pale,
And writes on the leaves and the grass as it passes,
"Dead, dead." And the moonbeams are cold—oh! so cold,
And so chillingly white—white as Death in itself!
The beautiful stars—they are pale, too,
Like virgins struck dumb with a grief
Far too heavy for words.

Dark-robed Night
Stands still, like Niobe, yet bathed in her tears,
Which fall from her cheeks upon newly-made graves,
Where they glitter in characters mournfully sweet,
Yet full of unutterable woe.
Dead! Turn to the East, to the West,
To the North, to the South!—a million and more
Of white shafts and pale tombstones uplift
To the heavens dear names, and loving remembrances,
Coupled with "died," and the dates and the ages,
So woeful to see, when the loved ones are gone!

Oh! my God!
Where can we turn that Death has *not* been?
Where eyes have not closed, nor lips have grown mute,
Nor brave hearts been stilled with one blow!
Where no tears have fallen, no sobs have gone forth
With a wail and a prayer?—where mothers
Have wept not, and wives have not called
In vain upon tender ones, gone to their rest!
Where sisters no'er wrung their white fingers,
And maidens with snow-pallid lips and sad eyes
Have folded no tokens of love to their hearts,
With cries of despair—brave letters, and words
Breathing tenderness sweet to the soul, and pictures,
And soft locks of hair, while hidden away
Within their pure hearts are pledges
To be fulfilled soon, when lovers return!

Return! Alas!
Dear Columbia! thy bosom has pillowed
How many of these, who never may waken!
How many lie low upon Shiloh—at Corinth!
How many at Nashville and Memphis—
At Cairo, Mound City, and Belmont?
Wander on from the numbers unnamed
In the West, and Eastward your eyes
Will fall upon names whose dark fields
Where red blood has flowed like the waters
Of fierce mountain streams.

Oh! ye brave martyrs, gone home to your rest—
God blesses thee, taking thee unto Himself—
Sweet Freedom, the purchase of Life.
And he whose voice bade ye go forth
To die for this Freedom, has followed
Ye down to the grave—a grave as low, deep,
As any on battle-fields, far, far away!
The terrible sacrifice now is complete,
And the Ruler sleeps low with his brethren
Who wrought out his will, as the serf
And the slave, for Liberty's sake.

PROVING AN ALIBI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ESSEX.

PART I.

It was a warm August evening; the beach near Southport was thronged with gay promenaders, who were strolling about enjoying the music of the band from the fort, that was playing on the esplanade near the shore. It was a pretty scene, the town in the distance half hidden away among the trees that were its great beauty; the trim fort, with its slopes of green grass and its irregular gray walls; the well-dressed crowd on the sands, and, beyond all, the sea rolling in all flushing with crimson and gold, under the level rays of the setting sun, that lit up the clear sky above into a dome of amber and rosy light.

Of course, in such an assembly as this there were a great many pretty women, but there was not one among them who was likely so to attract and rivet the attention as the young widow, Mrs. Templeton, or Mrs. Flora Leroy Templeton, as she styled herself, not choosing that her friends should wholly forget the former gay belle, Flora Leroy, in the present quiet Mrs. Templeton. She was only twenty-four, though she had been a widow more than two years. Her face always strikingly handsome, and had a look of character in its pensive beauty, that rendered it far more fascinating than in all its first bloom of girlish freshness. For in this country, although we see scores of pretty girls with rosy cheeks and laughing lips, we rarely see that more mature and striking attractiveness that, consisting in regularity of feature and charm of expression, will survive the loss of the first rudiments of early youth, and charm with the lasting loveliness of intellect and character; when, therefore, such a face as Mrs. Templeton's appears amid more ordinary beauties, it charms with an irresistible fervor that is likely to produce an impression not easily shaken off.

The truth of this last assertion might have found attestation from a score of Mrs. Templeton's admirers, had they been willing to proclaim how powerful was the attraction of her gray eyes and soft voice, or how much more difficult it was to forget the magic of their fascination than the more harmless assaults of a dozen ordinary girls. This afternoon her companion, Charlie Wentworth, could not help some such thoughts as he strolled by her side, and turned away now and then to admire the outline of her faultless profile, and the clear hue of the delicate rose tint in her cheek.

"She's very handsome," he thought—"a thousand times handsomer than any of the baby-faced girls that I dance with. If she only was not a widow, and had not that flaxen-haired little girl, I believe I should propose to her at once! Bah! I'm a fool!" he concluded, as he had in a score of similar reflections. "The idea of me, at twenty-five, becoming a family man, with that little chit to call me 'papa.' No! it's too absurd; besides, I don't believe she cares a straw about me." And he sighed as he reached this climax, as if that idea was not a peculiarly agreeable or consoling one after all.

And then the band that had been giving the *finale* to *Lucia* so loudly, that it was impossible to converse, finished with a grand flourish, and Flora looked up to speak to her companion. He was a handsome fellow, this Charlie Wentworth, with curling clustered hair, side whiskers and moustache of teaming gold, clear blue eyes, and a frank smile that displayed the regular white teeth, which were one of his principal beauties. He was tall and stalwart of proportion, and those who had ever saw the quick wrath that sometimes could flash from his azure eyes, had thought him an antagonist not lightly to be roused.

But Flora, when she looked up, caught his gaze so earnestly fixed upon her, that for a moment the words she had been about to utter died on her lips, and she flushed under that earnest scrutiny. Yes, Charlie was studying, as he had many times before that day, that faultless figure that was rounded to the full proportions of maturity, the wave in the brown hair that rolled back under the drooping straw hat; the contour of the lovely face, and the exquisite taste of the light mourning costume, that suited so well with the half pensive cast of Flora's beauty. It was a dangerous study, but it was one of which Charlie had lately grown very fond.

In a moment Flora rallied and looked up again.

"How do you like your quarters at the Beach House, Mr. Wentworth?"

"Oh, I'm tolerably comfortable—that is, as much so as a single gentleman is ever allowed to be in a watering place hotel. I have a little room, with five pegs in it on which to hang my entire summer wardrobe, and two drawers in which to put all the rest of it that won't hang up."

Flora laughed, a low, silvery laugh, that showed that she had by no means lost all the power of enjoyment.

"Terrible suffering, truly," she said, "but it can't make much difference to you, as you have no crinoline to take care of."

"No crinoline, to be sure, but, Mrs. Templeton, do you think it is no matter if Derby's best cut coats are hung one over the other, till they are all in wrinkles, and that my white trousers never will come out fresh?"

"That is bad," replied Flora—"as bad for you, I suppose, as rumpled dresses and crushed muslins are for me. But how do you like the place otherwise?"

"Oh, it's tolerable—or rather would be but for that fellow, Anthony."

"What Anthony?"

"Simon Anthony—you know who I mean, of course."

"Yes," replied Flora—"I know him quite well. But why do you dislike him?"

"Oh, because he is so disagreeable. He is stupid, and purse-proud, and overbearing, and, Mrs. Templeton, you know, by Jove! I detest that man."

"Why, did you ever meet him before?" asked Flora, surprised at the warmth of Charlie's declaration.

"Meet him before! Certainly—we lived in the same house all last winter, and I took an intense dislike to him; he was such a cub. We had one or two encounters there, so that now our acquaintance has dropped into a mere formal recognition. I thought I had gotten rid of him when I left the St. Basil last spring, but here, to my horror, I encounter him again.

"It's a hard case," said Flora, "but surely you are too amiable a man to allow such a thing to irritate you."

"I may be amiable," replied Charlie, rather gruffly, "but I have got a very quick temper for all that when I'm roused, as any of my friends will tell you, Mrs. Templeton, and somehow with regard to this man he has irritated me so often that I seldom see him without feeling as if I should like excessively to give him such a caning as would take the starch out of him for one while."

"And does he know of your dislike?"

"I suppose so, I have never made any secret of it; indeed I have so often uttered fearful threats against him that I believe the fellow is really afraid of me!" and Charlie laughed gaily at thought of the terror he had inspired.

"Then I dare say he was not very glad to see you when you appeared here."

"No, indeed, he turned a sort of sickly green when I entered the dining-room yesterday. But I beg pardon, Mrs. Templeton, here I've been abusing him shamefully, and yet you say you know him, and for aught I know you are a particular friend of his."

"No, indeed," laughed Flora." He comes a good deal to my uncle's it is true, but I don't like him much better than you do."

"I am glad of that."

And just then they reached a platform near the music, where there were benches, and paused there for a few moments talking to several acquaintances. After a little, Charlie found Flora a seat, and placed himself beside her; they were still surrounded by a party of friends, but it was to Charlie alone that Flora spoke, as she presently said,

"*Parley du diable*—there is Mr. Anthony, now."

"Yes," replied Charlie, glancing in the direction she indicated, with a quick frown, "and he is coming towards you."

"Very likely," said Flora, carelessly, "I had an engagement to drive with him this afternoon."

"And you broke it to come out with me!" exclaimed Charlie, all radiant with smiles.

"Not at all, Mr. Wentworth, I should not have done so unladylike a thing even had he been a great deal more disagreeable than he is. But my engagement with him was for six o'clock, it was nearly half-past when you asked me to walk out, and I considered myself at liberty."

"What a puppy! to break such an appointment."

"Rather rude, I think. I wait for no man after the quarter of an hour's grace, and so came out with you without troubling myself about the matter."

Charlie began a speech to the effect that he hoped she had not regretted the change of escorts, but was interrupted in the middle of it, for just then the very handsome equipage of Simon Anthony, Esq., of ——— William St., drew up beside them. He was a man certainly of no very prepossessing appearance, with sandy hair and white eyebrows, an ugly, ill-featured face not improved by the perpetual scowl on the low forehead, and the hard lines about the thin-lipped mouth. His turn-out was a stylish one, from the well-matched horses to the liveried groom who sat behind, though this last person was as ill favored as his master, with an evil, lowering countenance that made one pity the beasts committed to his charge.

Mr. Anthony lifted his hat to Flora as he reined up, without noticing her companion.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Templeton, for being behind hand this evening, but that stupid Thomas forgot all about the hour at which I had ordered the wagon, and never began to get ready till six o'clock. I hope I am not too late, now."

"Thank you, Mr. Anthony, but you *are* too late," replied Flora, coldly.

Anthony still lingered in spite of this freezing reply—he would perhaps have left at once had it not been that he caught sight just then of Charlie Wentworth's triumphant face.

"Upon my word, Mrs. Templeton," he persisted, "you ought not to be too hard on me—I assure you it was not my fault. Come, excuse me this once, and let me help you in—it is lovely on the beach now."

"You seem not to perceive, sir, that Mrs. Templeton has another escort," exclaimed Charlie, starting to his feet in uncontrolable excitement, and looming up six feet of a very evident obstacle.

"Don't trouble yourself Mr. Wentworth," said Flora, turning upon him a half belligerent look at his somewhat hasty interference. "Mr. Anthony, my engagement with you was for six o'clock, you failed to keep it, and while I am quite willing to accept your apology, I must again decline to drive with you now that I have made other arrangements for the evening."

"Some other day then, I shall hope to be more fortunate," said Anthony; and after lingering a second and receiving no more encouragement from Flora, than a polite bow, he drove reluctantly away.

"Confound the fellow!" cried Charlie, in a voice which he did not attempt to lower, "it will be best for him to keep out of my way if he wants to prolong his life."

He finished the sentence with a half laugh, for he was ashamed of his own vehemence before he reached the close, the flash of anger that had sprung up at Anthony's unwelcome intrusion had died out as quickly as did all such passing wrath in his generous heart, and neither he nor any of the half dozen persons who heard him thought of the deep significance those idle words might one day have.

As for Anthony he drove moodily away venting his ill-temper as was his wont on his groom—

"It was all your fault, Thomas, hang you!" he growled, "you are such a stupid ass sometimes!"

Thomas made no reply only a darker frown gathered on his ugly brow. Three years of this sort of thing had accustomed him to such treatment, and taught him how best to receive it.

As he and his master disappeared in the crowd, Charlie turned to Flora to apologise for his hasty anger.

"Forgive me, won't you, Mrs. Templeton, for my impetuosity just now, but really I have disliked that man so long, that everything he says irritates me, and it was provoking to have him keep at urging you to go off with him, without so much as noticing me."

"It was very rude," said Flora, "and I quite forgive your ready championship."

"Always, Mrs. Templeton, remember I am always at your service, and only too happy to be your knight."

Flora smiled her thanks, while Charlie blushed at his own enthusiasm. She liked this quick devotion in this handsome young man, and she sighed as she thought that some day he would court some fair young girl, and she would lose a friendship that had been very pleasant to her for the last year. As for herself she believed that love and all its possibilities were over forever, and she sighed again more deeply than before as she reached that conclusion. Then Charlie, who heard that last sigh, exerted himself to the utmost to be agreeable, and succeeded so well that Flora lingered there till the last light of sunset had faded away, and the young moon had begun to sink in the west, like a timid bride, following with white feet to seek her royal bridegroom below the dark waters of the gloomy ocean.

At length, however, she started up; it was nine o'clock, and she must go home, although there was still a gay party of friends on the platform, and she was entreated to stay. But Flora, who was very strict in her ideas of propriety always, was perpetually haunted by the face of Mrs. Grundy, and a dread that she should be called "a fast widow." Moreover, at this time she was staying with an uncle and aunt, Judge and Mrs. Dalton, only stately gentlefolks of the old school, and she thought it best on all accounts to leave the tranquil beauty of the summer evening for the close atmosphere of their solemn drawing room, and so resolutely refused to listen to Charlie's persuasions for "one more turn on the beach," and bade him good bye at her door before half-past nine.

As far as she herself was concerned, Flora would have thought she might trust herself safely anywhere and with any man for any possible danger there might be to her peace. She had married at twenty a young man who was the choice of her heart, and his death, after little more than a year of wedded happiness, had seemed to her a blow from which she could never recover. But as the months passed, and formed themselves into years, the memory of her loss grew less intolerable; then the prattle of her little girl roused her into new interest in life, and now, after nearly three years of widowhood, she found herself looking back on the memory of her brief married life as only a tender episode of the past, and able to realize that the world was a very tolerable place even to a widow, when she is young, rich and handsome. Of course, she had not been without suitors, even from her first appearance in society, but not yet had she admitted to herself that a second love might be possible. She had met Charlie Wentworth a year ago, and he had almost from their first acquaintance made her the object of his attentions, but thus far neither of them had acknowledged that it could be anything more than friendship that drew them so constantly together. It was the attraction of her presence that had brought him to Southport now, and when about a week after his arrival he heard that Flora was going with a party of friends on a trip to Canada, he immediately decided that his business would oblige him to return at once to the city.

It was the evening before Flora's intended journey; during the last week she had seen Charlie every day, and his enjoyment of her society would have been complete, but that despite his dislike for Mr. Anthony, Flora would continue to receive his visits, and had actually made Charlie wretched for a whole evening by taking a drive in his handsome establishment. Charlie on that evening smoked quite a fortune in cigars, as he paced up and down the beach, wondering desperately if Flora would "marry that rich snob, confound him." Nor could he stop till he had resolved to fling himself at her feet at once and end this suspense. This had been the last night but one before Flora was to go, and Charlie was resolved to have her to himself on this last evening. He saw her in the morning, and she said she would be ready at seven o'clock to take a walk with him, as he proposed. Warned, therefore, by the example of Anthony, you may be sure Charlie was very punctual. He found Flora alone on the piazza.

"Aunt and uncle are out," said, as she rose to meet him. "They were invited to dine at the Conrads; they would have declined, on my account, but I insisted they should go, as I told them I had an engagement for the evening."

"Thank you, I should have been so disappointed had you gone too."

"Oh! I was not invited. Gen. Conrad is an old friend of uncle's, and gives stiff, old-fashioned dinner parties; they did not know I was staying here. But Mr. Wentworth," added Flora, "what is the meaning of that huge pile of shawls you have with you? One would suppose we were going sleigh riding on a winter's night, instead of for a summer evening stroll."

"Oh! Mrs. Templeton, I brought these shawls because I want you to go sailing with me. You know you promised you would some evening, and to-night the moonlight is magnificent and the breeze just right; besides, its the last chance, as you go to-morrow."

Flora was taken by surpise by this proposal; but it was very tempting, and after a brief hesitation she yielded to Charlie's eloquent entreaties and said she would go.

"But we must not be out long," she added, as a final condition of acceptance.

"Oh, no, we can be back by ten o'clock easily, and that will be before your uncle returns."

So Flora, having made some slight changes in her dress, came out again on the piazza to join Charlie. As they walked away he said, "As for these shawls, I only wonder I had sense enough to bring them; that miserable Anthony was in the entry as I came down, and put everything out of my head by some of his sneers. I did forget my cane and my overcoat as it was."

"You have quite sufficient baggage, I should say," laughed Flora. "But why do you allow that melancholy man to put you so out of temper?"

"Oh, I can't help it. I know it is foolish, but to-night only think he actually had the audacity to walk out with me a little way!"

"Did he? and how did you get rid of him?"

"I told him that I wished he would leave me."

"Not really, Mr. Wentworth!"

"Indeed I did, and I told him it so decidedly that I think he'll not trouble me again."

"How you do dislike the poor man!"

"Poor man!" repeated Charlie. "And you, Mrs. Templeton, do you *like* him?"

"Well, not very much," admitted Flora.

"Not as much as he likes you, I hope," replied Charlie, "for if you do I shall be wretched."

"Why?" asked Flora, with a faint tremble in her voice.

"Because then you would marry him," said Charlie; "and I should be miserable."

Flora did not pursue the subject, for she felt the stout arm on which she leaned tremble under her hand, and knew that it would be difficult to steady her own voice.

A brief walk brought them to the dock where the boat which Charlie had engaged lay, with sail set ready for the start. He had been brought up at the sea-side, and accustomed from boyhood to the management of a boat, so that he felt not the slightest hesitation in taking a lady out and trusting to his own sailing. He helped Flora in, seated himself by her side at the stern, and in a few moments they were running before a fresh breeze out to sea.

It was a magnificent night. The moon just at the full, rising every moment higher and higher in the eastern sky, lit up all the broad ocean with sparkles of silver light that trembled on the crests of the waves as if each one were ridden by a fairy boat illumined by a magic torch. The heavens were immeasurably blue and clear, here and there sparkling with the few bright stars that alone ventured to dispute the supremacy of the Queen of Night, "Orion's starry belt, the symmetrical cluster of the Great Bear, and the twinkling Pleiades shone faintly overhead, while low in the west Jupiter flashed his steady beam undimmed by the greater lustre that flooded the scene, and from afar the light of Sirius trembled through space with the scintillated splendor of a distant sun. Low in the north there was a bank of cloud, dark on the horizon, but growing white and fleecy, while its pile up masses caught the moonbeams' elsewhere the sky was serene, and ocean and air seemed lulled into enchanted beauty by the dazzling effulgence of the harvest moon.

For a while Charlie could speak of little but the beauty of the scene, it was a night when any ordinary commonplace conversation seemed utterly out of place, both of these two felt that under such circumstances alone, on the fair summer night, the more appropriate theme was love. Flora vaguely dreamed of this with a blush at her own folly, but Charlie thought of it every moment, for he had resolved this night to know his fate. He acknowledged to himself at last that this woman was beyond and above all others, that she was dearer to him than anything else on the earth, and undaunted by the remembrance even of the little flaxen haired child that had sometimes seemed to him an obstacle, he was resolved to woo and win her if possible.

Of course with this in his heart it was scarcely likely that he would be as agreeable a companion as usual, and so the two alone in the boat went on flying over the sea in a long silence that was in itself eloquent of happiness. Two or three times the words faltered on Charlie's lips, then he would glance at his companion, and resting the perfect beauty of her pensive face as she sat there in the moonlight, her fair hair

shaded by some cloudy white mass, her eyes looking far off as if she were lost in shadowy dreams, something in the dignity of her air, the quiet loveliness that seemed almost too fair for mortal man deterred him. At last growing every moment more diffident of success Charlie resolved that he would say nothing till they were on their way home, as, if he were to be refused, the tortures he should afterwards endure in her presence would at least be brief, and having reached this conclusion he roused himself to win his companion from her reverie. His first word suffused her cheeks with a deep blush, for during that long silence Flora had begun to think that there was something rather awkward, as well as very fascinating in this entire *tete-a-tete*, far out there on the trackless sea, with no companions but the waves, and no chaperon but the moon. She was relieved by the light tone which Charlie assumed, and for the next half hour chatted with him as contentedly as ever in her life.

All this time they had been running off before a very fresh breeze. They had long ago passed outside the bay where Scudport lay, and were out on the broad bosom of the great Atlantic. Flora was a brave sailor, not given to foolish fears or afflicted by *mal du mer*, and she enjoyed keenly the dash of the waves on the prow, the swift motion through the moonlit sea, and the bright sparkle of the waters as they flashed like diamonds against the sides or gleamed brightly in the foaming wake. It was very delightful to be away on the beautiful sea, alone with the man whom above all others she liked, and Flora was perhaps excusable for forgetting for a little the lapse of time. But after a while it seemed to her as if their motion through the waters was not so swift as it had been as if the ropes hung slacker from the sail, and the sail itself fell more languidly towards the boat. She looked at Charlie with sudden apprehension.

"Is not the wind dying down, Mr. Wentworth?" she asked.

"It is not as fresh as it has been," answered Charlie, and at the same time he put the boat about and headed towards land.

Flora drew out her watch. The diamonds with which it was set gleamed in the moonlight as she flashed open the case.

"Half past nine!" she exclaimed in dismay. "Why, Mr. Wentworth, how far are we from home?"

"I don't know exactly," replied Charlie evasively, for Flora saw that he looked full as anxious as herself.

"You promised me I should be home at ten o'clock," she said reproachfully.

"I will do my very best, Mrs. Templeton. I never thought that the wind could go down, if it was as fresh now as it was half an hour ago, we might still be back by soon after ten."

"Soon after ten! Oh! Mr. Wentworth, I trusted to you when I came out, and indeed, indeed, I shall be miserable if we are not back before my uncle and aunt return."

"I am very sorry," said Charlie, in a tone of the greatest distress, "I should not perhaps have gone out so far, but the wind was so temptingly fresh, it did not seem possible it could fall so suddenly."

"And it has all died down now," exclaimed Flora, "look at the pennon, it absolutely hangs against the mast."

It was even so; the summer breeze had deserted them, and the little boat lay almost still in the trough of the slow rolling waves. Charlie was as much troubled as Flora, if possible more so, and the sight of his very genuine distress disarmed her anger, and made her so sorry for him that she found herself before long suggesting consolation instead of blame.

"There is nothing for it," he exclaimed at last, "but for me to pull in; I suppose there are oars here."

A brief search resulted in the discovery of two oars, but only one thole pin could be anywhere found; in vain Charlie looked in the cuddy, under the benches, and in every possible corner and cranny; there was evidently only one thole pin on board.

"Confound that Captain Jones," he exclaimed, "I asked him particularly before we started if there were oars and thole pins on board, and he assured me I should find everything all right."

"Well you must do the best you can with one oar," said Flora; "I can steer tolerably well."

Charlie took up his oar and began his work.

"It is all that fellow Anthony's fault," he muttered.

"Anthony!" said Flora; "Why that man is your *bete noir*, what has he to do with the want of a thole pin."

"Why, if it had not been for him I should have brought my cane with me, and if I had that I could have rigged up a tolerable substitute for a pin."

Flora laughed and took her place at the tiller, while Charlie pulled manfully on his one oar.

But it was very slow work, the boat was constructed for sailing, and pulling such a tub through the water with one oar was no light task; then Flora found it not very easy with her little experience to steer a straight course, and a good deal of time was wasted by me running the boat off in all manner of wrong directions, and the necessity Charlie was perpetually under of glancing back to see that they were heading towards the land that seemed for a long time almost hopelessly distant. Poor young people! they were as utterly irritated in the next two hours, as they had been happy in the first two. Flora was perfectly miserable as moment after moment passed, and she was conscious that it was growing frightfully late, her uncle and aunt would have returned long ago, and been horrified to find her out. They were probably even now sitting up a prey to the most desperate anxiety, and when she returned how could she ever tell the story of the sail to them! would they now fancy that the excuse of no wind was merely invented to lull their suspicions? she could imagine the grave displeasure of her uncle's face and her aunt's stern frown. No one knew where she was, as she left the house she had looked for a servant to whom she might mention that she was going out, but there seemed to be no one at home, and thinking she should soon be back she had taken no especial pains to find one. If she was not very late therefore, the uncle would probably be sending to the houses of various friends to inquire for her, and thus half Scudport would know of the adventure. At this suggestion Flora was wretched, she had always been so careful in her conduct, and here was an imprudence which would never be forgotten. How many sneers, how much animadversion would she be subject to, and her blood boiled with impatient indignation at the thought.

As for Charlie, he fancied all this dimly, and was in the deepest distress for her sake. He tugged at the oar with his eyes fixed on that fair face that was so sternly beautiful under the cold moonbeams almost in despair, he saw the anxiety on her expressive features, he knew that every moment she was growing more troubled, and he felt that she would hate him for having involved her in such a scrape. What hope could he have in now addressing to her those words of love he had once fancied she would kindly listen to; of course she must detest him for having by his inconsiderate folly involved her in this trouble, more than that she would doubtless think that he was taking a mean advantage of her in making a proposal at such a time, when her fear of being compromised might induce her to accept it. It would almost seem to her as if this had been a regular plan to entrap her into a fatal situation and thus force her to an engagement.

It is no wonder that under the circumstances, they were but silent companions for most of the return trip, hardly any words were exchanged but the necessary directions for steering. Flora sat there, her white hand on the tiller, her eyes fixed on the land, where at last they could distinguish the lights of Scudport. Only every now and then with a restlessness she could not restrain looking at her watch, and everytime feeling a deeper anxiety at the frightfully rapid flight of time. Yet if Charlie had known she was by no means so angry at him as he feared, she saw that he was miserable for her sake, and felt in her secret heart, below all her annoyance, a very tender compassion for him.

When they came up the bay the tide was against them, and the time tediously long that was consumed in dragging the boat to the shore. It was years since Charlie had pulled an oar, and stout man as he was, his arms ached and his hands were severely blistered by the toil. But all that he felt was nothing, he would have gladly suffered a thousand tortures to have saved Flora a moment's pain.

"You are tired, Mr. Wentworth," she said, breaking a long silence as they neared the shore, "I am sure you must be quite worn out."

"Not much," he replied. "But if I were, Mrs. Templeton, it would be a pleasure to be fatigued in your service. I assure you if I could by any possible sacrifice have spared you the annoyance of this coming, I should have been only too happy to have thus proved to you my devotion."

"Indeed, Mr. Wentworth, I do not doubt that you have regretted this detention fully as much as I do."

"And I am afraid you will detest me for having thoughtlessly involved you in this scrape."

Flora colored, and under the moonbeams Charlie could see the rosy glow that overspread her face, just now so pale.

"Oh, no, Mr. Wentworth, I do not blame you at all, and I am sure it was in no wise your fault."

"It is very kind of you to say so," sighed Charlie, "and I hope you won't think unkindly of me in consequence of this."

"No, certainly not," Flora replied, and then, in a little confusion, she once more consulted her watch. "Five minutes to twelve!" she exclaimed with almost a cry of horror.

"Well, thank God, we are almost at home," said Charlie, and truly the boat was at last fast approaching the landing place.

A few more strokes, and they ran up alongside the low dock. The lights were all out in the boat-house; there was no one there to watch the tardy arrival. Both Flora and Charlie were very glad of this, and as he assisted her out, she stole with noiseless steps up the stairs, and under the piazza of the house. The clocks of Scudport struck twelve as she waited there, while Charlie tied up the boat and reefed the sail.

Midnight! She had actually been out till midnight, alone with this young man, and she wrapped her shawl around her with a chill as much of horror at her position as from the chill of the night air.

Charlie rejoined her with a step as noiseless as her own, and Flora could not repress a smile at their stealing off like two culprits, even in the midst of her excessive annoyance. But now the worst was to come. She was to face her uncle's and aunt's inquiries, and as she went towards the house, she felt each moment more like a criminal approaching his doom. Charlie employed the time in begging her to forgive him for his indiscretion, and Flora's kind words only half assured him, for he felt every moment the growing embarrassment of his companion.

"And you won't forget me entirely while you are away with your gay friends?" he said.

"No, indeed, Mr. Wentworth."

"Or remember me wholly as in connection with this unlucky night?"

"Certainly not."

"And how long will you be away?"

"I hardly know—perhaps three or four weeks; though, for my own part, I should like to return sooner, as I already long to see my little girl again."

"But she was well when you heard from her, I hope," said Charlie, with an interest he endeavored to make as paternal as possible.

"Oh! yes, indeed! I know that she is always well and happy with mamma; but I cannot help growing impatient after being long away from her."

They had reached Judge Dalton's house now, and Flora's heart was beating very disagreeably. To her surprise, the house was all dark; not a ray of light shone out of parlor or second-story windows.

"Oh, dear!" whispered Flora, pale with annoyance, "they have locked me out."

"I am so very sorry," protested Charlie for the hundredth time. "But I can soon rouse them."

"Oh! that is so dreadful," said Flora. "What will they think?"

"Is there no way by which you could get in without their hearing you?" suggested Charlie. "They need not know how late you returned, if they do not know when you came home."

There was a ray of comfort in this. Flora hesitated a moment, and then said:

"My room is on the ground floor."

"And are the windows low enough for you to climb into them."

"Perhaps I could; but oh! Mr. Wentworth, this is all dreadful!"

And indeed it is very difficult to describe by any words Flora's painful embarrassment in view of her absurd and undignified position. If she could succeed in getting into the house without detection, it was certainly the very best and safest thing to do, but the situation for a lady who prided herself on her dignity, was surely very trying, to be clandestinely sneaking home at midnight with a young man was, to the last degree, unconventional, and her entire confidence in Charlie's honor alone reconciled her to the alternative; she was sure he would endure anything rather than compromise her, and that the secret of this performance would be safe with him under any circumstances.

The poor fellow was indeed very evidently overwhelmed with regret.

"I know it, Mrs. Templeton," he exclaimed. "It is very terrible for you, but I assure you I suffer more than you do in this, and for your sake; and as God is my witness, I will die sooner than that you should be in any way injured by having trusted to me."

"I believe you entirely," said Flora gently, and for a moment her hand trembled in Charlie's.

Then they stole noiselessly to Flora's windows; one of them was easily opened, the sash was up, and the blind not secured; but when she stood under it, the ledge of the window was above her head, and to effect an entrance seemed absolutely impossible.

"I will jump in and get a chair, and then you can climb up easily," said Charlie.

There was no time for remonstrance, and in a moment Charlie had disappeared through the window into Flora's room. She stood there in the moonlight, thinking with a vague horror of what would be said should all this ever be known, and then she drew out her watch once more. A quarter to one! Just then Charlie handed out a light chair and sprang down beside her. With his aid, it was quite easy to mount, and very soon she had taken the chair in after her, and was safe in her own bedchamber.

"And now good-bye," said Charlie. "I shall not see you in the morning, for I received a telegram this afternoon which will oblige me to leave in the four o'clock train, so I cannot have the pleasure of seeing you off as I intended. Good-bye, and think of me kindly, Mrs. Templeton, in spite of this."

Flora's reply was very cordially satisfactory, for she found herself feeling a great regret now that the parting was inevitable. A moment she looked out at Charlie's handsome face, as he raised his hand to his lips with the gallant deference of a knight of yore, then he stole quietly off over the grass and disappeared from her view.

The house was very quiet, no one seemed to have heard or observed her entrance, and without venturing to strike a light, Flora undressed very quietly by the glimmer of the moonbeams, and crept into bed.

The next morning when she came down stairs she hardly knew what her reception would be, but her uncle's cordial greeting immediately reassured her, and in the course of the first conversation she discovered that he and her aunt had supposed that she was in bed before their return from the dinner party, which had not broken up till quite late, so that evidently the escapade of the past evening was known to absolutely no one but the two who were concerned in it. Flora drew a long breath of relief as all the imagined scandal of the night vanished in the morning sunshine, and went to complete her packing with an easy mind. Last evening's adventure saw by this new light became only a pleasant remembrance, and her interest in Charlie was deepened to a very tender and grateful feeling, when she recalled his devotion and his kind consideration for her trouble.

At twelve Flora went away with her friends, of course Charlie was not on hand to see her off, neither did Mr. Anthony appear; this a little surprised her as he had said he should certainly be at the station, but his absence was rather a relief than otherwise, and she was in the best of spirits as she started off on her summer trip.

A few hours later her heart would hardly have been so light, for she would then have heard the astonishing news that convulsed Scudport to its centre. Simon Anthony had been brutally murdered in the past night, and Charlie Wentworth had been arrested immediately on his arrival in New York as his undoubted murderer.

The evidence against him was overwhelming, he was known to have had an intense dislike to Anthony, and had even been heard to utter threats against him; he was the last person who was seen with him, and one of the servants of the hotel testified that he had heard angry words between the two gentlemen as they walked down the path together, and that Mr. Wentworth had said in a loud tone—"If you persist in annoying me in this way you will certainly suffer for it." More than all the body had been discovered in a clump of bushes inside the grounds of the Beach House, and the immediate cause of death was evidently two heavy blows on the temple that had been inflicted beyond a doubt with Charlie Wentworth's bullet-headed cane which was found beside it.

If further corroboration was needed it was found in the fact that the man on watch at the Beach House had observed Charlie steal quietly to his room about half-past one, and noticed that he looked pale and annoyed; and that two hours later he had come out with his valise, and calling for his bill had made some mention of business as accounting for his unexpected departure, and so stolen away, doubtless with the intention of effecting his escape.

The accusation was so intensely horrible that Charlie's friends were at first disposed indignantly to deny the possibility of his having committed such a crime, and even said that he would be able at once to vindicate himself, but when he was arrested his whole manner was such as to give every one an impression of guilt rather than innocence; he was indeed seemingly very much shocked and pained at first, but beyond an indignant denial he offered no explanation of the strange circumstances. He would give no account whatever of how he had passed the previous night; remaining doggedly silent even when his friends warned him of the consequences of his obstinacy, and entreated him to give any clue that might help them to exculpate him. Then too when he was secured at his office he looked strangely pale and haggard, and worst of all his hands were very much lacerated as if he might have been engaged in a desperate struggle, nor would he in any way account for this terrible fact even then how he had spent the previous evening.

Under all these circumstances even his best friends could only conclude, knowing his quick temper, that he had dealt the fatal blow in some sudden fit of anger provoked by this man's sneers, and hoped that on the trial some palliation, or justification of the deed might possibly appear. So while Flora was enjoying the beautiful scenery of the Saguenay and the amusements of Quebec, Charlie had undergone the humiliation of an examination before the grand jury on a charge of murder, and was dragging out the days that to her were so bright, in the gloom of a felon's cell.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1865.

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Eight copies, "	and one to getter up of club,	16.00
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OF

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☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND, (postage paid by us,) twenty-five cents.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their magazines.

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In order to enable ladies to procure a first quality Sewing Machine at very little outlay, we make the following liberal offers, *which apply equally to* THE POST, *and to the* LADY'S FRIEND:—

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—"The Death of Sir John Moore." "Sheridan's Ride." "The Beggar Woman of the St. Dennis." "The Fatal Mistake." "The Heir of De Cadena." "Under an Avalanche."

A LITERARY PAPER.

In reply to a letter from a correspondent in Ohio, we may state that it is our intention to make THE POST, as heretofore, a literary paper, leaving the political matters of the country to be regulated by the political press.

So far as THE POST has deviated in times past from a strictly literary career, it has been at the demand of what were considered by its proprietors great principles, involving the very existence of the Union.

But the danger has now passed. The task henceforth is to restore the bonds of unity and peace. In this good work literary papers and magazines have their appropriate and important mission. They afford a common platform on which men holding contradictory sentiments in religion and politics can meet as friends and brothers. The readers and writers of one section of the country are brought in contact with the readers and writers of other sections, and a mutual regard and admiration are engendered which tend to knit the whole country together, by those mental and spiritual ties which are stronger than any mere political arrangements. Whatever differences in local manners or customs may exist, essentially the people of these United States are one people, believing in the same great principles, civil and religious, and cherishing similar aspirations and desires. In enabling our different sections and communities to see and acknowledge this great fact, the literary press, weekly and monthly, plays an important and very valuable part.

Therefore, without undervaluing in the least the importance of the political press, and the good and necessary work it is doing, we maintain that the literary press also has its good and necessary work, which work can, in all usual times, be best promoted by confining itself to its appropriate sphere, and refraining strictly from all interference with the political or sectarian disputes of the day.

In this view THE POST will be conducted. And all we have to ask in return of its readers, is not to be so sharp-sighted on their part as to imagine that they detect departures from our rule where none are intended—but, on the contrary, even when articles or passages do inadvertently appear which seem to have a political bearing, to remember that an editor is not infallible, and exercise a reasonable degree of that charity which St. Paul has declared to be the very first of the virtues.

WELL DONE.

We are pleased to see that President Johnson has declined accepting "a coach, span of horses, harness," &c., tendered to him by "a number of eminent citizens" of New York.

We know not that any selfish motives prompted the "eminent gentlemen" of New York in making the gift in question, but we have a very decided impression that selfish motives are at the bottom of nine out of ten of such generous compliments. And even when such is not the case, the bestowal of a costly gift upon an influential public officer is in exceedingly bad taste, as it exposes alike the givers and the receiver to more or less suspicion.

As President Johnson has now set an excellent example, we hope it will be followed by all others in influential positions.

Of course where the person to whom a gift is tendered is not in a situation to confer any benefit in return, the case is very different. For instance if the money designed to be devoted to President Johnson were now bestowed as a gift upon the widows and orphans of those who have died in crushing the rebellion, even the most captious critic probably would not comment unfavorably upon it.

THE NATATORIUM.

We would like to call the attention of the public to this Institution particularly, as we believe it the duty of all who love life, to learn to swim. The exercise of swimming is gentle, pleasant, and more conducive to health than any we know—not even excepting horseback riding. All the muscles are brought into play more entirely than in any other way.

Many people think it difficult to learn to swim; but it is a mistake. A fearless person will learn with three or four lessons. A course of lessons will render the most timid an expert swimmer, if the pupil goes with a determination to learn. *Dr. Jansen's* method is most simple and easy. All the conveniences of his establishment are complete, and the water regulated with the greatest care in regard to temperature. The pupils are watched carefully by the doctor—all faults corrected, and not allowed to remain too long in the water. Ladies should not fail to avail themselves of the opportunity afforded them to acquire the power of self-preservation, as well as to benefit themselves in health by a frequent use of the *Swimming Bath*. In giving us the *Natatorium*, Dr. Jansen has furnished us with one of the most useful establishments in Philadelphia.

A HINT TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Writers should always keep copies of the manuscript they wish to preserve. The money paid for postage will more than buy paper for such a purpose, and the time saved to all concerned is not by any means inconsiderable. There are always risks by mail, and if the MS. should get misplaced, you have your copy, and it occasions you little trouble, while on the other hand, an article sent adrift on such uncertain waters as the sea of Literature, causes its author a deal of suspense and anxiety before its fate is known, if that time ever comes. With the large amount of MS. which finds its way to an editor's office, it is impossible to keep track of the unfortunate ones, and spare the time to return them. Were it but one or two it would be different. But where they accumulate by hundreds, it is asking too much to have all that will not do for publication returned. Young writers should bear this in mind, and by a little extra labor in copying save themselves and others the annoyance which is sure to arise from the non-appearance of rejected stories.

A FUNNY AUGUR.

The Washington correspondent of the *Inquirer*, in a notice of the parade last week, said:

"Scands have been contracted for all the dignitaries in front of the White House. Notwithstanding the orders of General Grant to provide a place for the President and Cabinet, General Augur assigned them to such positions that they refused to occupy them."

That must be one of the "Augurs" which, as Mr. Lincoln used to say, "will not bore."

GEN. GRANT.

Wenderoth, Taylor & Brown, Chestnut above Ninth, have issued a photograph, taken from life, of General Grant, which is truly admirable both as a photograph and as a likeness. We commend it to the patronage of our readers.

ON WHOM SIRE.—A Raleigh letter says:—Gen. Sherman's chief of escort, lieutenant of the First Alabama Cavalry, is a native Alabamian, and an original. He has such an odd, dry way of expressing himself, the staff were some time in determining whether the man was a fool or a genius. The latter is now decided. Talking before some elegant ladies of strong secesh proclivities the blunt Alabamian with assumed *sang froid*, edified the graces as follows—"The Lord was claimed upon the side of the Confederacy at the first battle of Bull Run. His name, however, failed to appear upon their muster roll the other day at Appomattox Court House."

THE CONFEDERATE DEBT.—This debt, it is said, will be paid according to the terms of the agreement, which stipulate that it shall be discharged "*three years after the treaty of peace is signed between the United States and the Confederate States of America.*"

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

The forty-second Annual Exhibition of Paintings and Sculpture is now open in the Academy building, Chestnut street above Tenth. In walking through the rooms we observe that the number of paintings on exhibition appears to be even greater than usual, including Benjamin West's famous masterpiece of "Christ Rejected," which of itself will be considered by many as worth the trouble of a visit.

We have not time in this brief notice to call attention in detail to the meritorious productions of living artists which adorn the walls. All who can should go and see for themselves. A season ticket should be purchased, and several visits made, as it is impossible to get all the good of such an extensive exhibition on a single occasion; though of course even a single visit is better than none at all. The rooms are open from 9 A. M. until 7 P. M., and from 6 till 10 in the evening.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

JANET STRONG. By VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

This story, from the pen of Miss Virginia F. Townsend, speaks to the heart with all the power of the accomplished writer. It has all her beauty of description, all her purity of diction, all the fervor of feeling which strikes down deep into the heart of her reader. In the poetry of language, Miss Townsend has few rivals in America. Her illustrations flow naturally as the bubble of woodland rills, with all their music and beauty. In *Janet Strong*, her most thrilling powers are set forth with a most happy result. We follow the lonely girl through her sorely-tried, struggling life with a breathless interest, blessing her for the innate strength and loveliness which enables her to cope successfully with evil, even when her own heart is her most dangerous enemy.

Miss Townsend's stories have always a high, pure, moral tone which makes them, beautiful. Her characters are simple and natural—never overdrawn; but her delineation of them, invests each individual with an interest which cannot flag, until she folds up the volume of the pictured life with her own hand. In little *Janet Strong*, servant and governess, we find the germ and full development of a most beautiful character—a character so beautiful that the name of woman has added to it a greater sanctity—a holier, higher meaning. No one will rise from the perusal of this story without a sensation of pleasure for having read it—a deepened sense of honor and affection for the fair author whose own pure soul is shadowed forth in its pages.

SILENT STRUGGLES. By Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

A new book from the pen of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, the author of *Mary Derwent*, will be cordially welcomed by the public. The plot is deep and well sustained, while the many dramatic situations in which she places the principle characters, excite the sympathies and interest of the reader to an almost painful intensity. Barbara Stafford, the heroine, is one of those lofty types of womanhood we sometimes, but rarely meet in real life. The nobility of soul and strength of purpose developed in the course of her turbulent and perilous life, give us stronger faith in the disposition for self sacrifice which we claim to be prominent in woman. The date of the story reaches far back to the years when New England was controlled by her superstitions—and human life was swept away like straws upon a swift current. She comes from afar—drifts over the billows of the great deep to the New Land—a sad, mysterious woman, seeking for her lost hopes, but only to find them wrecked irreparably. Strong in her unselfish love—earnest in her self-abnegation, she accepts her destiny in meekness and silence, vowing to give no sign, while those into whose midst she came, owning her wonderful power, moved by her beauty and loveliness to more than ordinary sympathy—learn soon to attribute her magnetic influence to more evil qualities, which finally ends in her being arrested, tried, and condemned to die as a witch.

The close of the story brings relief to strained heart and brain. The reward for such sufferings seems but meet. But while we rejoice in it, there is a sense of disappointment in the failure to give us a more satisfactory close to the life of Lady Phipps, in whom we become deeply interested. She is set aside without a word or sign as to her fate when supplanted by the true wife of the Governor. Apart from this, the book gives entire satisfaction in every situation, though the sorrowful deaths of Abbie and her chieftain brother, leave a lingering sense of sadness not easy to dispel.

Mrs. Stephens loses none of her freshness and vigor in the production of her works. Each as it succeeds others, is imbued with the power of her earliest productions, with more of the artistic and æsthetic in their composition. *Silent Struggles* cannot fail to find a warm welcome amongst the thousands of Mrs. Stephens's admirers.

"THE CLEVER WOMAN OF THE FAMILY." By the author of "Heir of Redclyffe," "Heartsease," "The Young Step-Mother," &c. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY. The June number has been received from T. B. Pugh, Sixth and Chestnut

THE YOUNG FOLKS, for June, has been received by T. B. Pugh.

THE [illegible] OF WAKEFIELD. By OLIVER GOLDSMITH [illegible]blished by Frank H. Dodd, N. Y. For sale by J. B. Lippincott, Phila.

☞ A pint-cup may not be ill-treated for not holding a quart. This is indeed a new measure of moral obligation. The man underrates your argument, project, or improvement, because he cannot contain it. He does not report you correctly because he cannot carry all your ideas. He is a pint-cup. Your friend betrays your secret. It is your own fault. You put too much in a small vessel, and it slops over. Your neighbor has narrow views, feelings and policies, and they do not enlarge. Be gentle towards him, for small measures cannot afford to be very liberal, and pint-cups come to their growth early. They are required to hold but a pint.

☞ "Poor Dick! how sadly he is altered since his marriage!" remarked one friend to another. "Why, yes, of course," replied the other; "directly a man's neck is in the nuptial noose, every one must see that he's a haltered person."

☞ A promising young man may do very well, perhaps—a paying one better.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

Wild Cattle—Herding—Horning—Branding—Charqueries—Slaughtering—Curing Beef—Hides—Tallow—Bones—Horns—Hoops—Charque Soup.

During the past year, there has been in England a great deal published, read and believed, of the easy possibility of cheapening the beef market, and bringing a meat diet within the means of the lower millions of Great Britain, by the importation of the *jerked* material from South American regions.

Not a little of the English paper positiveness has been reproduced by journals in our own country, the publishers of which conscientiously believing in English statistics, honorably conceived the feasibility of cheapening our own beef market, by the introduction into the United States, of cured beef from the Southern hemisphere.

Unable to discover any possible inducement that writers upon the subject, either abroad or at home, can have to willfully misrepresent facts, I am induced to accept the opinion that such have been tickled with the "long bow" of some modern South American tourist, who has possibly penetrated as far as Rio Janeiro, and given to his countrymen at home, facts as reliable as those of English tourists through the United States always have been in relation to our manners, customs, and institutions. Not an atom more.

Certainly those who write of thousands on thousands of animals being slaughtered annually in South America for their hides only, must have been enjoying a Rip Van Winkle nap, recently awoke and fell to scribbling of South American beef-killing forty years ago, for at the present day every individual portion of the animal is as economically utilized at the Brazilian, or Buenos Ayrean *charqueric*, as is the slaughtered swine at a Cincinnati pork-house.

It is true there may be occasional isolated instances of an animal being slaughtered on account of the hide, but only in some remote region where the carcass could not be made available for any purpose.

At the present time, when jerked beef is worth $2 the *arroba* of thirty-two pounds, nearly six and a quarter cents per pound at Portalegre, in the very heart of the Brazilian beef regions, and nearly two hundred miles in the interior, it is by no means probable that it can be put in competition with the home material, either in the English, or our own markets, considering that there would be a heavy export duty at one end, an import one still heavier at the other, and high freights in the middle of the transaction, and a dead loss of, I believe, full forty per cent. of the material by spoiling.

As a general rule South American beef will not keep long out of a South American atmosphere unless it be cooked, canned, and hermetically sealed. Experiments in salting, packing, and pickling in barrels, as beef is put down in the United States, have been faithfully made these forty years in South America, and in all instances have proved failures.

Rio Grande, situated on the south side of the river of that name, in the southern extremity of the empire, has for many years been the great hide mart of the Brazilian empire, the market being supplied from all the interior regions, but principally from the vast plains beyond Portalegre towards Paraquay.

In many sections of this territory there are herds of wild cattle innumerable; in many instances claimed by individuals, who for a trifle have purchased from government a territorial right to the wild stock, while in others millions of free cattle roam the grassy plains as ownerless as the buffalo of our western prairies, the property of those who are fortunate enough to hunt them down in the chase.

Having acquired his territory, and established his bounds, the proprietor takes the field, accompanied by a formidable force of *peon herdeiros*, every one of whom are experts with the lasso and at home in the saddle, and proceeds to disarm the dangerous and apply his burning autograph to every animal great and small of the bovine genus found within the limits of his domain.

First, the old bulls are ridden down, lassoed, and flung to the earth, strangling and helpless, and in this condition, while one nimble peon burns into flank or shoulder blade, the sign manuel of his master, with a red-hot iron snatched from the portable charcoal furnace slung at his saddle bow, another barbarian *whittles* away at the horns of the prostrate brute with a dull hatchet. After a dozen, perhaps ineffectual hacks, off pops the shell of the horns, leaving the tender, bleeding pith raw and bare. Then the wiry noose is slipped off, the bewildered bull staggers to his feet, and with tail on end, goes reeling away, roaring with agony, in no mood or condition to gore any one.

The dangerous animals being all disarmed in this manner, the cows and young stock are subjected to the hot iron, and thus in the course of a week the proprietor has acquired a herd of perhaps four thousand head of cattle.

As to the brands, they are neither writing, Roman letters or hieroglyphics as a general rule. But the proprietor knows them as his mark, and his neighbors know them as *not* theirs, and so they serve his purpose.

Having secured a stock sufficient to commence operations upon, a *charqueric*, or slaughter house, is the next consideration.

In these establishments there is as great a dissimilarity of structure and economy as there is in the butchering establishments in the United States. Let us, however, take as our sample one of a great many of the improved order, now to be found common enough throughout the southern provinces of Brazil, and in Buenos Ayres, all along the Rio de la Plata.

A funnel-shaped stockade of strong palisading, or *adobe* wall, goes out from the slaughter yard, towards the *campo*; and into this the animals destined for slaughter are driven. The narrow end next the *charqueric* is closed with strong folding-doors, above which, on a platform on the outside, stands the *matador*, or slayer, holding in one hand the noose of a strong rope, and in the other a long, keen-bladed knife. The rope leads through a slit between the leaves of the door, its inner end attached to a pair of mules.

The headsman upon the platform drops the noose adroitly over the horns of the nearest animal, gives a signal, away go the mules within, drawing the head of the noosed victim tight up against the doors. Reaching down with his long knife, the butcher stabs the animal vigorously in the spine, just back of the horns, the folding gate flies open, the mules advance again, the victim falls upon a low truck which runs down a slightly inclined railroad track, and is rolled down a steeper lateral plane, at any point along the track, where it may happen to be needed first.

A leather-colored peon, or swarth African, nude, with the exception of a foul, bloody cloth about the loins, pounces upon the quivering carcass, first cutting the throat, and while the animal is still floundering in its death throes, falls to, flaying off the hide, the bullock being often denuded of skin by the time it is quite done kicking.

Leaving the hide still attached along the back, and spreading it out on either side as a convenient covering for the foul bed of filth in which the butcher is wading half-knee deep, he disembowels the animal, unjoints the legs of the knees, and away go entrails, limbs and viscera, to be disposed of by female or juvenile assistants.

The flesh is cut in long, thin strips, lengthwise the animal, and rolled up like sole-leather, until all the available material is removed from the bones. These rolls of beef are also carried away by assistants, who unroll the strips on a platform prepared for the purpose, and there warm, palpitating, reeking with all manner of filth that can accumulate about a slaughter-pen, the slabs of meat are rubbed over with coarse salt, and spread out on scaffoldings of poles laid close together three feet from the ground, very like the Labrador fisherman's codfish "flakes," and here, in the course of from three to five days, it is transformed into *charque*—the jerked beef of commerce—rolled up again, tied with bark thongs, and is ready for market.

In almost all instances now there is also attached to the charqueria a low-walled tile-roofed building, fitted up in the interior with tiers of small laths or sticks, very like a Maryland tobacco barn, in which always, during the rainy season, and in some sections in all seasons, the beef is hung to cure, it being of better quality, and more saleable when made in-doors, though the curing process requires a considerable longer time.

The hides are stretched out on the ground, the flesh side uppermost, and held by pegs driven through the skirts into the earth—the time required to thoroughly cure a hide being, on the average, a week. This being accomplished, they are folded lengthwise like the cover of a book, and packed away out of the weather, ready also for the market.

The next important article to be looked after is the tallow. This material is never abundant in a South American animal, rarely, I think, reaching ten pounds in weight, as the yield from the best bullocks slaughtered in the Rio Grande or La Platan *charqueries*. But what fat there is, either about the entrails, in the leaf, or on any of the flesh, is separated, saved, and tried out, in just as an abominable manner and condition as the beef is cured. Indeed, filthiness is an inheritance universal of these semi-civilized South American beef killers, and one they have neither the ability or disposition to get rid of.

The tallow, when tried out, is usually beautifully variegated in color, the *mauve*, I think, predominating; but as this elaboration of color never adds anything to the market value of the material, it might be dispensed with, to the advantage of producer and buyer. The tallow, when rendered, is put up, the better grades in bullock's bladders, and the inferior qualities in wooden boxes; more than half of all that is manufactured being taken of late years for the German market—its reputation in England and the United States never having taken a range above *grease*. Bones come next the hides in commercial value. The skeleton of the animal, after being denuded of flesh, is dismembered, and the bones, with those of the limbs, are subjected to a high-pressure steaming process, affording considerable fatty material, which goes in with the tallow, while the bones are left beautifully white, and by far cleaner than any other portion of the animal. They are then assorted, all the whiter and more solid bones being selected and sold to the French and German manufacturers, who in turn sell them to us as samples of superb elephants' tusks.

The second grade of bones, goes mostly to England for the making of buttons and such other small wares as are acknowledged to be of bone; while all the softer, more porous material goes for bone dust, phosphates and "ivory black" for our finer paints, and clarifying our finest white sugars.

Then comes the horns; and these make no small item in the traffic of Rio Grande and Buenos Ayres—no insignificant source of income to the slayer of four hundred head of cattle per day. These require no sorting, manipulation, or process of cure. No boxing, baling, or preparing for market. The bull's horns, beaten from their heads while at large, are collected, and with those from the slaughtered animals, are shipped in bulk, forming an admirable material for "chocking off," a cargo, stowing snugly into a thousand chinks that would otherwise go unfilled.

Last in the list of *charqueric* savings, comes the hoofs. These in many instances are cut off, and being boiled on the spot, the glue from them is manufactured at once, while the bones go in with the third class of that material, and the hoofs proper, are sold for such uses as horns are required for, or even finer work—a great portion of the handles of our finest Sheffield, and other foreign pocket cutlery, being from the hoof of the South American bullock.

Sometimes the feet are cut off and baked thoroughly, and are shipped entire—mostly to France and Germany.

Thus it will be seen that something more than the hide is utilized; though there has been a time within my own recollection when in remote regions of the interior from whence bulky exportations were impossibilities, that both horned cattle and horses were slain for their hides alone.

If one were to familiarize himself with the trade in hides from the Rio Grande and Rio de la Plata, he would very naturally exclaim—

"Why, such a drainage as this must very soon exhaust the resources of all these South American regions."

On the other hand, let him traverse the immense *Pampas* of the provinces of the Rio de la Plata, or the almost boundless plains of Brazil's great Central Basin, and with the best telescope that mariner ever swung, fail to reach the far-off limits of herds, countless in their individuality as the stars of Heaven, see everywhere, cows having by their sides two calves as a rule—learn that all the females of these calves will in their turn bear twins in the third year of their lives—that there is no perishing here from famine or winter's severity; and he will be very likely to reverse his first decision, and declare positively, the demands of the civilized world can never exhaust such a supply.

As an *addendi* to the *charqueria*, let us take a brief glance at an inevitable feature of the establishment—the soup kettle.

Within the slaughter pen, though a little removed from the deepest of the muck, filth, and odorous garbage, hangs always, a huge cauldron, ever bubbling, and affording its savory soup alike to naked butchers, blood-dripping peons, burly negroes, *mchaches*, ebon wenches, and the scarcely more fastidious Senors, and lovely Senoras within the mansion, close at hand.

Constantly the contents of the great kettle is suffering depletion by the gourds of miscellaneous soup eaters, who observe no periods; and as constantly is it being replenished by contributions from many sources.

One of the tallow strippers chances upon a nice leaf of fat, and tearing it out with her fingers as foul with intestinal filth as they can be, and trotting away to the soup kettle, contributes her choice mite, never thinking of water once. The butcher cuts out a tit-bit of tenderloin or sweetbread and douses it into the soup, shaking from his gory hand and arm, along with it, clots of foul blood and wisps of hair. As required, some one slashes in a bucket of water, another supplies a handful of salt; the cook from the *casa* contributes vegetables; the flies, which swarm in countless millions, contribute themselves by thousands; and when at the hospitable dinner-table of the proprietor you are served with soup from a magnificently chased silver tureen of the material, literally pontooned with stewed flies, you naturally wonder if there is another liquid abomination in this world equal to *charqueric soup!*

ONE OF HIS GOOD DEEDS.

Respectfully Dedicated to Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.

A Merchant in a Northern city dwelt;
He had been fortunate—around his home
Lay all that makes Life bright, and sweet, and safe.
But 'mid the sheaves of his prosperity,
A reptile thought in darkness brooding lay;
And when the cry of War aroused the land,
He gathered round him his young sons, and breathed
Into their ears the poison of that thought,
Saying, *the South was wronged.* Like naphtha flung
On fire, his evil words fell on their hearts.
Explosion came. They left their Northern home.
And in blind enmity turned their young strength
Against the Flag, below whose sheltering Stars
That strength had grown—and fought for Rebeldom.

Time flew—the Father, safe beneath the laws
He labored to subvert—increased his gains,
And proudly waited tidings from the South.
They came—his youngest son, his fondest hope,
Fighting as an American can fight,
(Alas! that such should fight in a bad cause,)
Fell, sorely wounded—was a prisoner made,
And then, through wounds and fever, dying lay
In Washington. Fear shook the Father's heart—
What could he do? Some generous foeman brought
A message from the prisoner, praying him
To make some effort to release his son,
That he might *die at home.*

What *could* he do?
Ah! then the Nemesis that follows Treason,
Plied her red scourge, while on the Ixion-wheel
Of aimless thought, his mind in anguish whirled,
Till desperate hope was born of his despair.
"I'll go to LINCOLN! He's the President,
But he's a Father. Though I hate his measures,
And never loved the man—I'll go to him;
They say he is a tender Father—sure
His heart will soften to a Father's prayer."

He went, obtained an audience, told his tale,
The grave clear eye of LINCOLN scanning him;
"Your son a rebel—you a *Northern* man—
Where did he get his principles?"

"From me,"
The wretched Father said—"The fault is mine."
Then LINCOLN clasped his hands, and looking upwards,
"My God!—a *Northern* man, and foe to Freedom."
His eyes grew stern, his brows knit, and the suppliant,
Watching his face as 'twere Fate's prophecy,
Saw steadfast meaning settle there, and stretched
His hand in dumb entreaty—for his voice
Refused to pass his white and quivering lips.

For a moment
Life's balance trembled—then a pen was seized,
A few words written, signed. The President
Held out the mercy mandate. "Go," he said,
"Take home your son, and if your loving care
Can nurse him back to health, unteach your lessons,
And bid him fight *for*, not *against* his Country."
Too wildly glad, too much o'ercome to speak,
One eloquent look of thanks the Father gave,
And left the Presence.

On the crime-stained day
Which orphaned all the Nation, when the tidings
Smote on that Merchant's ear, he started back—
Covered his face, and falling on his knees,
Wept bitterly. And no sincerer grief
Followed the death-train, than ached in the heart
Of him to whom LINCOLN *gave back his son.*

Philadelphia. MRS. ANNA BACHE.

☞ Gen. Sherman's "bummers" were death on digging for hidden treasure. Different squads of them dug up a newly buried mule six times in quick succession; and the poor critter was not allowed to rest until his head and ears were left above ground as a sample of the kind of treasure below.

☞ Butter is being sent from Vermont by the ton. It is said it will be down to 25 cents a pound.

☞ The New Bedford Mercury says a farmer in the vicinity of Warren, R. I., wishing to save nest eggs, and too poor to buy the glass cheats, carved a block of wood into egg form, and whitened it with chalk. It was rudely fashioned, showing but a rough surface, and marked by many seams. It proved, however, a good hen-persuader, and the biddy, after the usual promontory cackling, each day laid an egg. The wonder is, that each egg deposited by the rude counterfeit in the nest, was in the peculiarity of its surface, roughness, inequalities, seams, &c., precisely like said counterfeit.

LATEST NEWS.

Kirby Smith surrendered on the 22d of May. The terms were arranged at Baton Rouge. His command includes the armies of Marader and Price, and is said to number about 80,000 men. Their supplies of arms and provisions were better than those of any other force in the rebellion.

Generals Price, Taylor, Buckner, Brent and others of Kirby Smith's command, reached Memphis on the 23d, en route for Washington. They had communicated with Generals Canby and Herron, asking such terms of surrender as were accorded to Lee and Johnson.

Union prisoners in Texas are allowed to escape by their guards, in order that the guards, having nothing to do, may go home. The rebels in western Arkansas are negotiating for a surrender.

Persons sentenced to imprisonment during the war are to be immediately discharged by order of the Secretary of War.

A fight between a portion of Kirby Smith's command and a detachment of U. S. troops took place on the 12th on the Palo Alto battle-field. Our forces were victorious.

The Mississippi Legislature has appointed a committee to solicit at Washington the restoration of that state to the Union.

The United States District Attorney in Washington has notified the proper authorities that he is ready to proceed with the trial of Jeff. Davis.

Attorney General Speed has decided that the amnesty proclamation ends with the rebellion, and that it does not restore citizenship, property, or vested rights.

At the trial of the assassination conspirators, on Saturday, evidence was adduced to show that the St. Albans raid originated in Richmond, and that Clay, Sanders, Thompson & Co., defended the raiders in Canada.

☞ Mrs. Mehitable Shingle, who hails from a downeast village, about two miles on this side of sunrise, on returning home from a visit to our city the other day, informed her "darter" Jemima that she "cum purty near being pisened at the hotel, with some soup they called violoncello soup; and she knowed it was violoncello soup, for she found a hull lot of the strings in it."

☞ There is no art or science that is too difficult for industry to attain to. It is the gift of tongues, and makes a man understood and valued in all countries, and by all nations; it is the philosopher's stone, that turns all metals, and even stones, into gold, and suffers not want to break into its dwelling; it is the northwest passage, that brings the merchant's ships to him as soon as he can desire. In a word, industry conquers all enemies and makes fortune itself pay contribution.

☞ THE HUMMING-BIRD'S NEST.—Capt. Lyon, of the British navy, relates that in Africa he watched a humming-bird whose young lay in her nest, building a rim around it, to keep them from falling out. A few days later, he observed the same thing repeated. An additional story was raised, to protect her growing brood. And so, from time to time, she built up her shallow nest to a vase-like house for her fledglings, until strong enough to venture out and try their wings.

☞ A woman passing along the Boston Common, the other evening, saw a glittering object lying upon the ground, and picked up the same, supposing it to be a gem or precious stone, and put it in her pocket. Shortly afterwards she discovered her clothes to be on fire, and they soon burst into flame. A passer-by went to her assistance. He advised her to roll herself upon the ground, which she did, he aiding in the operation, but as this did not extinguish the flames he was compelled to strike them from her clothing with his hands, which were somewhat burned thereby. Strange to relate, the woman escaped without scarcely any injury, and it was found that the object she had mistaken for a jewel was a piece of phosphorus.

☞ The mania for inviting artists to suppers and parties in order to have them perform on the piano for the amusement of the invited guests, reminds us of an anecdote about Chopin. This celebrated composer was invited by the Comtesse d'Agoult to supper, and after supper was invited to play. He sat down at the piano, touched the instrument for about two minutes, and then got up. "Oh, Monsieur Chopin," said the Comtesse, "you have played only so little!" "But, madame," replied Chopin, "I have only eaten so little!"

☞ After Burnside's fight at Fredericksburgh, and when the army had become settled in winter quarters, flour was offered for sale by the commissaries. The officers and men were glad of the chance to eat hot bread. One day I heard a man in the rear of my tent asking my cook if he could lend him a board to knead bread on. Morey, who was always ready with a joke, replied, "A board to knead bread on? Why, I *need* bread on my stomach!"

☞ Carlyle says, "A million blockheads looking into a man of genius or sense will make nothing but nonsense out of him, if they look till the end of time."

☞ Some names have a historical interest attached to them. *Plantagenet* (from *planta-genista*, broom plant,), perpetuates the memory of *Fulk*, Duke of Anjou, having in atonement for some crime gone on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, where, at his own request, he was well scourged with broom twigs. The first proprietor of the name *Birch* very probably received his name under analogous circumstances, at the hands of some exasperated pedagogue.

☞ Charles Lamb was in the habit of wearing a white cravat, and in consequence was sometimes taken for a clergyman. Once at a dinner-table, among a large number of guests, his white cravat caused such a mistake to be made, and he was called on to "say grace." Looking up and down the table, he asked, in his inimitable, lisping manner, "Is there no cl-clergyman present?" "No, sir," answered a guest. "Th-then," said Lamb, bowing his head, "let us thank God."

☞ ANNE AS A MAN'S NAME.—Anne is, or was common as a man's name among the French. The celebrated warrior, the Constable Anne de Montmorenci, flourished in the time of Francis I. of France, and was killed at the age of 74 years, at the battle of St. Dennis, 10th Nov., 1567. Although he bore a feminine name, he was anything but a woman in temper or disposition. He was a rough, brave, cruel soldier and general.

☞ Ink has been called the black slave who waits upon thought.

☞ "I have a fresh cold," said a gentleman to his acquaintance. "Why do you have a fresh one?—why don't you have it cured?"

THE OPEN DOOR.

Within a town of Holland once
A widow dwelt, 'tis said,
So poor, alas! her children asked
One night, in vain, for bread.
But this poor woman loved the Lord
And knew that He was good;
So, with her little ones around,
She prayed to Him for food.

When prayer was done, her eldest child,
A boy of eight years old,
Said softly, "In the holy book,
Dear mother, we are told
How God, with food by ravens brought,
Supplied His prophet's need."
"Yes," answered she; "but that, my son,
Was long ago indeed."

"But, mother, God may do again
What He has done before;
And so, to let the birds fly in,
I will unclose the door."
Then little Dirk, in simple faith,
Threw ope the door full wide,
So that the radiance of their lamp
Fell on the path outside.

Ere long the burgomaster passed,
And, noticing the light,
Paused to inquire why the door
Was open so at night,
"My little Dirk has done it, sir,"
The widow, smiling said,
"That ravens might fly in to bring
My hungry children bread."

"Indeed!" the burgomaster cried,
"Then here's a raven, lad;
Come to my home and you shall see
Where bread may soon be had."
Along the street to his own house
He quickly led the boy,
And sent him back with food that filled
His humble home with joy.

The supper ended, little Dirk
Went to the open door,
Looked up, said, "Many thanks, good Lord!"
Then shut it fast once more.
For, though no bird had entered in,
He knew that God on high
Had hearkened to his mother's prayer,
And sent this full supply.

A FLIGHT IN THE DARK.

My father was an engineer before me, and gave up a tolerable business in a large provincial town to take an engagement under a railway company; and when I left school, he put me into his office, where I stayed till I was twenty years old.

"This sort of work won't do for you any longer, Tom," said my father to me one day. "You are getting as lanky as a clothes-prop, and round-shouldered into the bargain. We must get you out into the fresh air. Suppose you go as engine-driver for a couple of years; it will do your health good, and you will get an amount of genuine practical knowledge that way, which you could get in no other, which may some time be of great use to you in your profession. When you have had enough of that, you shall try your hand at surveying for the new branch they are talking about."

So I, by no means loath, went into the engine-shed; and after a short experience as "cleaner," went out on the *Firefly*, as stoker, under old Sam Preston, one of the most experienced drivers on the line.

The life of an engine-driver, when once you have got over the disagreeableness of being, while on duty at least, in a chronic state of greasy blackness, is by no means either an unpleasant or an unhealthy one; and speaking for my own part, I certainly liked it much better than being cooped up all day in an office.

We had a week of night-duty and a week of day-duty alternately; and were always employed to run either the express or mail trains—a task for which none but the best drivers are selected. You must understand that all this took place more than twenty years ago, when the railway-system was in its infancy, and before the electric telegraph was an accomplished fact. The *Firefly* was running, on the week in question, between Mellingshall and Rippinghurst—the former, as you are aware, being one of the largest manufacturing towns in the northern counties, and the head-quarters of the line on which I was employed. Mellingshall has two lines of railway running into it—one from the north, and one from the south-east; both of which lines meet at a junction about half a mile from the station, and run their trains between those points on rails common to the two.

The Rippinghurst mail started at eleven P. M.; that for the north half an hour earlier; but our instructions were to have everything in readiness a quarter of an hour before the time of starting, and to run the engine from the shed on to a spare line used for the purpose just outside the yard, there to await the signal-bell which announced that the main line was clear, and then run back to the platform, and take up our train. As we drove slowly up to our waiting-place, Sam was in the habit of dropping off the engine most evenings, to have a few minutes' gossip with a friend of his, a pointsman, whose tastes, in common with Sam's, ran on large gooseberries and small dogs; and as I came back past the pointsman's box, on my way into the station, in answer to the bell, Sam would bid his friend good-night, leap blithely on to the engine, pull on his greatcoat, tie a shawl round his throat, and prepare for the long dark journey before him. At the point where the *Firefly* took up her position, waiting for the signal, the line on one side was open to the fields, while on the other were several wharfs, opening on to an adjacent canal, beyond which lay the town of Mellingshall with its thousand lamps.

I had driven up to the waiting-place one cold autumn night, dropping Sam, as usual, at his friend the pointsman's box, and had just lighted my pipe, thinking to have a quiet smoke for ten minutes before the bell should ring, when I was startled by the sudden appearance, close to the engine, of two gentlemen—for if not gentlemen, they were dressed as such—who seemed almost as if they had sprung from the ground, so quiet had been their approach, so unexpected was their appearance. "Railway nobs these," I muttered to myself, smuggling my pipe out of sight in hot haste. "Probably a couple of directors. Too bad of them, though, to come prying about a fellow's engine at this time of night, trying to find out something against him. They'll fine poor Sam, if they find him off his perch." One of the strangers was stout, and the other was slim. They were both well wrapped up, for the night was chilly; and the slim one carried a small, square leather case in one hand—judging by that dim light, it might be either a dispatch-box or a small portmanteau.

"You are waiting here to take out some train, young man?" said the stout gentleman interrogatively.

"Yes, sir—the mail for Rippinghurst."

"And that starts—when?"

"In twelve minutes, sir, from the platform."

"Ay, just so." He began to walk slowly round the *Firefly* with his hands behind him, looking at her admiringly from every point of view, and talking to me all the time. "I suppose your engine is coked and watered ready for the journey?"

"Yes, sir."

"And how far do you run before taking in fresh water?"

"We always take in water at Merryvale, thirty-eight miles from here. We have to stay there three or four minutes, on account of the letter-bags."

"But supposing you had no train behind you, how many miles could you run to-night, say at the rate of forty miles an hour, before being obliged to stop for coke or water?"

"About seventy miles, sir."

"About seventy miles! Just so. Really, these steam-monsters seem to me the most wonderful inventions of this or any previous age;" and as he said these words, he mounted coolly on to the engine. Then I felt more certain than ever that he must be a director or some great railway functionary; while the slim gentleman with the dispatch-box, standing so quietly on the ground, beating his chest with one hand to keep himself warm, was probably a clerk or amanuensis.

No sooner had the stout gentleman clambered up beside me, than he commenced another rapid cross-fire of questions, and made me explain to him the method of working the engine. I showed him how to start her, how to stop her, how to put on the brake, and sound the whistle. He expressed himself as being immensely gratified; and when his list of questions was exhausted, called to the slim gentleman to get up beside us, in order that he might explain to him some more interesting point than common.

The slim gentleman, still holding the dispatch-box carefully, had hardly complied with this request, when the bell sounded which summoned me to the station, and I at once started the engine.

"We will ride as far as the platform with you," said the stout gentleman, watching my movements attentively.

The ordinary programme of proceedings was as follows: on hearing the bell, to run the engine slowly forward to the second pointsman's box, where a man was in waiting to turn her on to the main line, after running on which for a few yards, she was reversed, and run back, tender first, into the station, taking up Sam Preston at the first pointsman's box on the way in.

On the present occasion, as soon as I heard the bell, I sounded my whistle as a notice to pointsman number two; and on seeing his green light exhibited, ran the engine forward over his points till we were on the main line. I was just about to reverse the engine, for the purpose of running back into the station, when the stout gentleman spoke to me.

"How far is it from here to the junction where the line to Rippinghurst separates itself from the north line?"

"About half a mile, sir."

"And what means has the pointsman at that junction of distinguishing one set of trains from the other, or of knowing on to which line they ought to be turned?"

"His tables inform him at what time each train ought to arrive or depart, in addition to which, all engines going north give two distinct whistles, while those going south to Rippinghurst and other places, whistle three times before reaching the junction, and thus notify to the pointsman which route it is intended they should take."

"Just so; two whistles when you go north, and three when you go south. *Le moment est arrivé!*" Scarcely had the stout gentleman, who was standing behind me, uttered these words, when I felt myself seized suddenly round the throat with an iron gripe, while my head was wrenched violently back; and the next moment I became insensible. Had such a mode of attack been known in those days, I should certainly have said that I had been garrotted.

When I came to myself, I was lying on my back among the coke in the tender, with my overcoat put under my head by way of a pillow. I staggered to my feet, feeling very dizzy and faint, and with a choking sensation in my throat that was far from agreeable. The *Firefly* was tearing along at a terrific pace, with no train behind her; going, too, not south to Rippinghurst, but along the main line to the north, as I saw when I looked round, for the night was fine, and the stars shone brightly; and I was familiar with every turn and feature of the landscape. Mellingshall was ten miles away, and two stations had been passed already. I had but just time to make these observations when the stout gentleman turned to address me.

"Getting round again, I perceive," said he; "you will be all right in another quarter of an hour. Here, take a dram of this brandy; you will find it improve you wonderfully. You will, I am sure, forgive me the little rudeness I perpetrated a few minutes ago. Necessity compelled me to act as I did. You are better already, I see. And now I will yield up my post of driver to you, having every confidence in your ability to conduct me and my friend safely to our journey's end."

"And where may that be?" asked I somewhat sullenly. "This is not the road to Rippinghurst."

"Just so. It is the line to the north on which we are now travelling—I whistled twice at the junction, according to your instructions—and it is northward that I wish to go. My friend and I were too late for the mail; we could not afford to wait for the next train, which, in fact, does not start till six to-morrow morning; so were compelled, in this rude and violent fashion, to invent a special for ourselves."

Fool that I was! how egregiously had I allowed myself to be deceived! I had actually taken one of these men for that awful personage, a railway director; whereas the two of them were probably nothing better than a brace of swindlers. With what dire punishment I should be visited when I got back to Mellingshall, I durst not just then pause to contemplate. It was true that I was being carried away against my will; but I had been wrong, in the first place, in allowing a stranger to get on to the engine, and so render it possible for any one to usurp the command placed temporarily in my hands. The mail would be delayed; and when it was discovered that I had absconded with the engine, they would put me down as a lunatic at once. But a few minutes more would bring us to Fallowdene station, at which place I would stop and give the two strangers into custody, and prove my innocence at the same time.

"This sort of thing may seem a pleasant game to you," I said, turning to the stout stranger; "but it's deucedly unpleasant for me. You've delayed the mail, and run away with the engine—stolen it, in fact, and laid yourselves open to an indictment for felony. But we shall be at Fallowdene in three minutes, and then you will have an opportunity of explaining to some one higher in authority than me, the meaning of your singular conduct, for I don't intend to drive you any further."

"Your *naïveté*, my young friend, is really amusing," said the stout stranger, with a grim laugh. "Understand once for all, that I, and not you, am master of the situation; and that it is for you to obey my orders implicitly. Refuse to do so, or attempt to play any fool's tricks with the engine, and I will scatter to the winds what little brains you possess, and scrunch your bones under the wheels of your own engine!" At the same instant, I felt the cold barrel of a pistol pressed to my temples; and I staggered back, and should have fallen from the engine, had not the stout man caught me by the collar, and dragged me back.

"There now, said he, good-humoredly, "you owe me some thanks for having saved your life. Do as I tell you, young man, and you have nothing to fear. I pledge you my word to restore you in safety to the arms of your disconsolate friends."

I saw at once that further resistance just then would be useless; I had better make up my mind to obey the orders of the mysterious stranger, keeping, meanwhile, both eyes and ears on the alert. So, with a shrill whistle, we flew past Fallowdene at full speed; and then I shovelled a lot of coke into the furnace, and poured a little oil here and there among the joints of the machinery, and went quietly about my work, as though no strangers were present, but always keenly observant of what my companions were doing.

"I am glad to find that you have come to your senses so readily," said the stout man. "Keep your engine up to the mark, and our journey will be done all the sooner." So saying, he proceeded to fasten a white woollen comforter round his throat, and to put on a travelling-cap in place of his hat; after which, he lighted a cigar, and turned to look at his friend.

The slim man (gentlemen I call them no longer) had taken no part in the conversation; but seated from the first in one corner, with the dispatch-box between his knees, had seemed to take a very despondent view of his position. Him, the stout man now turned to address; but when he spoke, it was in the French language, evidently that I might not understand what was said; neither of them dreaming that the black greasy-looking stoker beside them was acquainted with more languages than his own.

"How melancholy you look to-night, my friend," said he; "one would think you were in love, so forlorn as you sit there. All our plans have succeeded; and although we missed the train, that is a matter of little moment, since, thanks to our clever *coup de main*, we shall not be above half an hour late at our destination; and Peter will surely wait that short time for us. This night, of all nights in the year, you ought to be as merry as a black-bird; for now you have accomplished your revenge—that revenge for which you have been sighing, day and night, for six months past. So cheer up, my child, and be light-hearted, as I am; let the future take care of itself. *Vive la bagatelle!*"

"It is so cold sitting here," replied the slim man with a shiver, "with nothing to occupy either one's fingers or one's thoughts."

"It is because your thoughts are so busily occupied, my friend, that you are so gloomy and *distrait*. But you said you were cold; here, drain this flask, choice cognac, I assure you; not a headache in a bucketful of it. And here, take this overcoat of mine; for myself, I can do just as well without it;" and unheeding the remonstrances of the other, the stout man slipped out of his greatcoat, and inducted his friend into it; then poured a quantity of cognac into the cup of his flask, and made him swallow that; and finished up by insisting that he should try a cigar. But in spite of these friendly attentions, and the cheering words which accompanied them, the slim man remained silent and shivering, brooding over some dark secret, known only to himself and his friend. When the stout man found that all his efforts to cheer the other were unavailing, he turned away with a muttered execration, and troubled himself no further in the matter, but went on smoking his cheroots, and watching all my movements attentively, as though he feared I might play him false.

He asked me the name of each station that we passed, and its distance from Mellingshall; and he became temporarily excited once or twice, when the red light (the signal to stop) was exhibited at some station; at which times I had to slacken speed, and whistle till the green light took its place, when we again put on all steam, and tore on our way. The cold glitter of a pistol-barrel would meet my eye at such times, and a muttered caution would fall on my ear, to beware that I did not attempt any treachery. But the dangerous point once passed, the pistol would disappear for a while, and the stout man would go on smoking more furiously than ever, as if to make up for lost time. He took out his watch once or twice; and when he held it to the lamp to see the hour, I had for the moment a clear view of his face.

He was by no means ill-looking, and seemed to be about forty years old. He wore a thick black moustache, but the rest of his face was closely shaven; he had dark piercing eyes, that seemed to look through you; and, for the rest, was, in manners and appearance, as much a gentleman as nine-tenths of those who usurp that honorable title.

I kept the furnace of the *Firefly* well supplied with fuel, and she went along at a gallant pace, for I was determined to end this strange journey as soon as possible. Past one mile-post after another, standing whitely out against the dark embankments; with ever and anon a station, big or little, rushing madly up to us, staring at us blankly for a single second, and calling to us with a thousand iron tongues to stop, as it receded swiftly away into darkest space; under bridges innumerable, each of them a span of blackness that vanished in an instant; then into the great tunnel, wrapped and lost in its breath of steam and smoke, awakening its thousand echoes that have little time for sleep; and so out again into the fresh cool night; away—past silent farmstead, and sleeping village, and great furnaces that flare their hearts out to the unheeding stars; onward we went till Burkleigh station was reached, and sixty miles of journey had been achieved.

I gathered from the stout man's observations that he was well acquainted with this part of the country, and that our flight in the dark was now almost ended; indeed, the *Firefly*, good little engine though she was, could not have held out much longer without a further supply of water.

"Half-way between Burkleigh and the next station," said the stout man, "is the point where I wish to stop. You will make your arrangements accordingly; and you will further understand, that when I leave the engine you will accompany me. I cannot afford to dispense with the pleasure of your company just yet."

Here was a new view of the case with a vengeance! and just as I was calculating how comfortably I could work my way back to Mellingshall, and reach home in time for an early breakfast.

I remonstrated, but to no purpose; he stopped me sternly, and at once.

"Run your engine off the main line on to the first siding you come to," said he; "and, for the rest, hold your tongue."

I slackened speed at once; and about a mile further on we came to a small branch-line leading to a colliery some distance away. Here the slim man got down, and held the points open by my direction, while I ran the *Firefly* off the main line, and brought her to a stand. This done, I let off the steam, and raked some of the fire out of the grate, while the others stood by watching me impatiently. When all was done that was necessary, the stout man took me by the shoulder, and addressed me impressively.

"Look here, my young friend," said he, "you have acted sensibly to-night in not disputing my orders. Continue to do as I tell you, and no harm shall befall you; but attempt to deceive me, or to take French leave, and you will have something sent after you that will silence you for ever. On one point make your mind easy—I am a dead shot; I never miss my aim."

"Go ahead," said I sulkily; "you needn't talk so much about your confounded pistol."

The stout man replied with a laugh, and slinging the dispatch-box by a strap over his shoulder, led the way at a quick pace from the branch-line over a tract of rising-ground, out to a wide stretch of bleak moorland, intersected by several roads, never hesitating for a moment as to the path he ought to take, but leading the way as confidently as though he were familiar with every inch of the ground, which probably he was. I followed close behind, and with the slim man brought up the rear. After walking thus for a mile or two, we came to a plantation of firs, the edge of which skirted the road we were traversing. The stout man whistled twice in a peculiar way, and we all stood still to listen. In a moment the response came—a similar whistle, and close at hand. Next we heard the noise of wheels, and presently a carriage of some kind came out of a narrow lane, that ran by one end of the plantation, and drove slowly up to where we were standing. As well as I could make out by that light, it seemed nothing more than an ordinary hackney-coach, with perhaps a better horse than common in the shafts; while, as for the driver, he was so thoroughly muffled up, that it would have been impossible to recognise him again. He began to swear at us, as soon as he got near enough to be heard, for having kept him waiting so long; but at a few whispered words from the stout man, his objurgations lapsed into a muttered curse or two, and then died away in sulky silence. We three pedestrians, together with the dispatch-box, were quickly inside the cab; the windows were closed, and the blinds pulled down; and we were driven off at a good pace, which was kept up without break or rest for what seemed to me a very long time, till at last we rattled over the paved streets of some town, and about five minutes later came to a stand. I had some acquaintance with that part of the country, and I knew that within a radius of fifteen miles from the point where we left the engine, three country towns were situated, all of them busy, populous places. To which of those three towns had I been taken? On this point I was as helpless to form a judgment as if I had been born blind.

On alighting from the vehicle, I had only time to take one hasty glance round, and to observe that we had been driven into a small court or enclosed yard, overlooked by high gloomy buildings on every side, when a door in front of us was silently opened, and we all went in. The door seemed to close of its own accord behind us; and the next moment a light appeared at the further end of the long passage in which we were standing, carried by one of the most singular-looking beings these eyes have ever beheld. He seemed, at the first glance, more like a resuscitated corpse than anything else; he was very old, and very withered, with a wicked shrivelled-up little face—the face of a century-old ape, lighted up with two eyes, so restless, cunning, and suspicious, that they seemed to distrust everybody, himself included. He was dressed in an old red flannel dressing-robe, which fell in voluminous folds to his slippered feet, while his cadaverous jaws were bound up in a dirty white handkerchief, fastened in a huge knot on the top of his head, on which a few spiky hairs were still sparsely scattered. Holding the lamp above his head with a shaking hand, he grinned a hideous welcome to us, and addressed the stout man with the familiarity of an old friend.

"Welcome home again, Mr. William—welcome home!" he mumbled. "What luck have you had, eh—what luck? But who are these? Strangers, eh? Friends of yours, did you say? But are they safe, Mr. William—are they safe?"

Chattering thus, the old man led the way into a large but plainly-furnished room, where a table was laid ready for supper, showing that the arrival of one or more had been expected. Another plate was quickly brought, and the slatternly-looking middle-aged woman who waited upon us served up a plain substantial supper, to which we all did ample justice. The slim man seemed, if such a thing were possible, to grow more moody and despondent with every mouthful that he ate. Behind his chair stood Black Care, the terrible, the unbidden, and poisoned the contents of cup and platter with a touch of its skeleton finger. As for the old man, he mumbled and jabbered away in his apish inane fashion, unheeded by everybody, Mr. William being just then too much preoccupied with his own thoughts to pay the least attention to him.

When supper was over, Mr. William and the old man left the room together; but in a few minutes, the former came to the door, and beckoned to me to follow him. I accordingly stumbled after him up a long, dark flight of stairs, and was finally ushered into a room having a small camp bedstead in one corner; while close to the brightly-blazing fire stood a large easy-chair and a small table, in the former of which the old man was already seated.

"You will have to make yourself comfortable here for the night," said the stout man, turning to me. "That bed is at your service; and here," patting the old man on the shoulder, "is one who will attend to your requirements. Good-night, and pleasant dreams."

So saying, he quitted the room, locking the door behind him; and I was left alone with the old man, who grinned and nodded his withered head at me; and pointing to a chair in the opposite corner, invited me, in a shrill quavering voice, to come and sit down by the fire, unless I felt disposed to go to bed at once. As I never felt less inclined for sleep in my life, I drew the chair up to the fire, and sat down opposite the old boy, who was busy concocting a basin of gruel for himself, he having taken no part in the supper down stairs. I tried him with a few questions, being especially desirous to know how long it was probable that I should be detained there against my will; but at each of my queries, the old rascal put on a vacant puzzled look, and replied with something altogether irrelevant to my question, so that, after one or two futile efforts to get a sensible answer, I gave up the task in despair, and watched him in gloomy silence while he took his gruel, seasoned largely with cognac.

Sitting thus, I heard from some far-off steeple the faint tones of a clock tell the hour of three, and I remembered for the first time that it was Sunday morning. It would not be daylight yet for three hours. Following close upon the striking of the clock came the rumbling of a distant cab or mail-cart, rattling over the paved streets: there was a pleasant sense of companionship in the sound that spoke warmly to my heart, and brought with it an intense longing to escape.

To escape! was such a thing possible? My heart throbbed, and the blood rushed to my face when I first asked myself the question; so that when I looked up, and saw the old man's suspicious eyes fixed intently on me, I felt as if my hidden thoughts were discovered. But I sat very still, and strove to look as unconcerned as possible; and when the old man was again busy with his gruel, I set to work to evolve quietly out of my brain some plan of deliverance. The door, as I have already said, was locked on the outside; but even had it been otherwise, to venture down through the lower parts of the house would have been a most dangerous proceeding. The window, then, was the point to be considered. This was secured inside by stout shutters, but there would be no difficulty in opening them; the only real obstacle lay in the fact of the window being so high above the ground—far too high for me to drop from. Then there was the old man to dispose of; that, indeed, was the first thing to do, for once let him give the alarm, and all my efforts would be fruitless.

I sat brooding intently for about half an hour, at the end of which time I had thought out a plan which seemed to me the only one at all feasible. There were some small pieces of wood lying on the hearth, fragments left after the fire had been lighted. I picked up one of these, and in the course of a few minutes had fashioned it with my pocket-knife into a sort of rude spatula, round which I tied a piece of stout string that I found in one of my pockets. The old man sat watching my movements attentively, apparently unsuspicious of what I was about to do.

Everything was now ready for my attempt. Occasionally I heard the faint murmurs of voices below stairs, showing that there were other inmates of the house still awake; and now and then opening or shutting of a distant door sounded preternaturally loud at that quiet hour. I confess that now the final moment was come, my heart failed me for a minute or two, and I began to doubt my ability to carry out my plan to a successful issue. But this fit of weakness was of short duration, and gave place to an unfaltering resolution to do and dare everything to effect my escape.

I rose suddenly from my chair, stepped across the hearth in two strides, and seized the hoary rascal by the throat.

"Speak, or make a noise, and I'll murder you!" I whispered sternly in his ear, and I passed the bright blade of my knife close before his eyes. Then, before he had time to recover from the shock of an attack so sudden and unexpected, I had twisted the bell-rope into a large loop, far out of his reach as he sat there. "Open your mouth," I said to him, "but do not speak, or you die."

He was shivering with fright, and had hardly sense enough left to understand what I said.

"Mercy! mercy! good young man," he gasped, and then the piece of wood was inserted between his teeth, and tied securely in its place, and he could say no more.

I next fastened his hands behind him with my handkerchief, then drew a sheet off the bed, and cutting it with my knife into long strips, twisted these, and proceeded to tie him securely in his chair. When I had satisfied myself that he was so fastened that it would be impossible for him to release himself, and further, that he was in no danger of being choked by the gag, I turned my attention to the window, and having taken off my boots, so as to make as little noise as possible in crossing the floor, I proceeded to try the shutters, and, after five minutes' patient labor, succeeded in opening them almost in silence.

The next point was the window; but I found, to my dismay, when I came to examine it, that it was composed of small diamond panes set in lead, and opened by means of a casement only, far too small to permit any hope of egress that way. My whole scheme seemed to collapse as I looked, for my intention had been to escape through the window, and reach the ground by means of a rope made out of the bed-clothes. What to do I knew not, and as I turned despairingly away, the old man's eyes met mine with a malignant glance of mingled rage and triumph. Suddenly a thought struck me. Although the stout man, on leaving the room, had locked the door behind him, was it not probable that the old man had in his possession another key that would open it? This was a question that I solved at once by searching him, and in one of his pockets I found a peculiar key—a master-key, I imagine it to have been, which

probably fitted every door in the house; at all events, it opened the door of my prison, as I was not long in discovering. Although this was only the first step towards my escape, I could not repress the joyous bounding of my heart when the door turned on its hinges, and I stepped cautiously out on the landing, and then stood listening to the murmur of the voices below stairs. But the most difficult part of my enterprise was still before me. This was to pass without discovery the open door of the room below, and then go down the second flight of stairs to the ground-floor, and so out by the first door I could find. The attempt, to succeed at all, must be made at once, before the stout man came up stairs, which he probably would do ere long, to look after the safety of his prisoner.

Before venturing down in the direction of the voices, I gave one last look round my prison, and examined once more the bonds of the old man; then I blew out the candle and locked the door; and having removed the key, began to feel my way down the stairs, one at a time, pausing to listen between every step. Fortunately, the house was one of the old-fashioned kind, and strongly built, and not the faintest creaking of a stair betrayed my presence. At length I reached a large landing, giving access to four rooms. The door of one of these rooms was only partially closed, and through the opening shone a faint stream of light, while now and then a muttered word or two, whose tones I at once recognized, told me that there sat my captor and his friend. Their conversation was nearly over by the time I reached the landing, but they still seemed to be silently busy over something. What was the nefarious business that occupied them at such an unholy hour?

Noiseless as a shadow, I moved forward till I stood on the mat at the entrance of the room. The door was too far closed for me to see the occupants of the room, or for them to see me; but from where I stood I could see the chimney-piece, and the large pier-glass which stood on it and in this glass I could see the reflection of the stout man and his friend—could see, too, distinctly, what they were doing, which kept them so silent and so busy.

They had got the brown leather portmanteau open between them, and were intently examining its contents, which consisted of watches, chains, rings, and pins, together with several small boxes filled, apparently, with precious stones of different kinds—all, without doubt, the proceeds of some great robbery. I stood like one fascinated, forgetting for the moment the danger of my position. At length the stout man spoke:

"A very pretty little haul, Master Matthew!" said he. "As nice a stroke of business as I've done for a long time, and neatly done, too, though I say it that shouldn't. I got two little black leather travelling-bags up stairs, which will do admirably to hold the swag. I'll go and fetch them, and then we'll make a fair division, as agreed on, and pack up, ready for a start. I must give a look to that young shaver up stairs, and see that he's all right. I'm puzzled to know what to do with him—hang me if I ain't."

"Stick a knife in his gizzard!" suggested the slim man with a yawn.

"No, no; we'll not do that, if we can help it," answered his companion. "That's a line of business I've never gone into yet, and I don't mean to, either. My motto is, 'Dead men always do tell tales.' I'd rather have a live one to deal with any day of the week. No, I must think out some plan before morning of disposing of him for a few days till we've got quietly away. Not, mind you," he added, "that I would hesitate to stick a bullet into him, if my blood was up, and I thought he was going to blow upon our little affair."

He got up, and pushed back his chair.

"Now, you stay here," he said, "while I run up stairs. I shall be back in five minutes, and then we'll go share and share alike."

I waited to hear no more, but hardly knowing what I did or whither I was going, sped noiselessly up stairs again. Before coming down, I had noticed on the upper landing a small closet or lumber-room, in which stood a large ragged screen. Intuitively the idea came into my mind to hide for a minute or two behind this screen, and take my chance of escape in a rush down stairs, while the stout man was engaged with the first surprise of the discovery that would greet him on entering the room where I had been confined.

By the time I had reached the landing, the stout man was ascending the lower stair; and the same instant that I crept behind the screen, he paused opposite the door to feel for his key, and the next moment the door of my prison was opened, and he went in. "Hollo! what's this? Why are you in the dark?" I heard him exclaim; and then I stole from my hiding-place, crossed the landing, and turning the key in the lock, made both him and the old man prisoners, and then rushed down the first flight of stairs at a breakneck pace. I paused for a second or two on the lower landing, noticing, some surprise, as I did so that the room where the two men had been conferring only a minute before was now in darkness. Why had not the slim man awaited the return of his friend, as the latter had requested him to do? That, however, was a question which just then did not concern me.

I had now the lower flight of stairs to descend, and here I was obliged to proceed more cautiously, being unacquainted with the ground. I had turned two corners in safety, and was on the top of the last short flight, when a sudden thundering at the locked door above startled me from my balance, and I stumbled headlong down the remaining stairs, bursting open a door at the foot of them, and landing in a large kitchen, at the other door of which—the door leading into the street—stood the slim man, with a very white face, trying with nervous haste to unfasten the bolts, and so let himself out. On the dresser close by his side stood the candle brought from up stairs, and at his feet the portmanteau shut and partly strapped. I understood his little game at a glance, even if his ghastly tell-tale face had not proclaimed it. He had taken advantage of his comrade's brief absence to abscond with *both* shares of the stolen property, trusting in the darkness to get clear away, and secure the whole of the booty to himself. A look of relief shot over his face when he saw that it was not his terrible comrade come to avenge his treachery. With a snarl of rage, he turned from the door, and drawing a pistol from his bosom, fired it point-blank at me just as I was rising from the ground. The wind caused by the bullet stirred my hair, but there was no further damage done, and before he had time to fire again, I had sprung at his throat, and we grappled together, and reeled from side to side of the room in a wild struggle for mastery. He was agile and wiry as a panther, and quite my equal in sheer physical strength, for you must remember that I was little more than a lad at that time; and it would perhaps have gone hard with me had I not brought to bear a little trick with the leg which I had learned among the Westmoreland wrestlers, which stole his feet from under him before he knew what was the matter, and brought him crashing to the ground, with me on the top of him. In falling, he struck his head with tremendous force against the edge of the oaken dresser, and next moment his grasp relaxed, his eyes closed, and a pallor as of death overspread his face. I thought in truth that he was killed.

All this time, the stout man was thundering at the door above stairs, making desperate efforts to get out; and as soon as I had struggled to my feet, the instinct to escape, to get away from that horrible house, came over me as strongly as before. I drew the remaining bolts, and opened the door, and felt the cool night-air blow freely over me with a feeling of thankfulness which no words of mine could express. I turned for a moment, as I crossed the threshold, for a last look at my opponent lying motionless across the hearth, and as I did so, my eye fell on the portmanteau, and acting on the impulse of the moment, I seized it, and flinging it over my shoulder, closed the door behind me, and hurried away into the silent streets.

To the first constable whom I met, I gave myself and the portmanteau in charge, and was by him hurried off to the station, where I told my strange story in as few words as possible; and four constables were despatched to the house, which was at once recognized from my description, as it had long been looked on with suspicion. When they returned, it was in company of two out of the three inmates of the house; but the stout man had got clear away before their arrival. The slim man, who had recovered his wits by this time, finding the game up, volunteered a confession, the details of which were afterwards found to be substantially correct, and the chief points of which I will now give you as briefly as may be.

The jewelry, &c., contained in the portmanteau had been stolen from the establishment of Bellingham & Co, the great jewellers and silversmiths of Mellingshall. Mr. Bellingham's chief assistant and confidential servant was one Matthew Lamplough—he who has hitherto been designated as the slim man—a person who had gradually worked himself up from the position of shop-boy, till he had become practically the manager of the whole concern, for Mr. Bellingham was getting old, and glad to move some of the cares of business on to more youthful shoulders. But Lamplough's ambition at last overstepped his prudence, as he found to his cost, when he one day asked the old man to give him his daughter's hand in marriage—his daughter, who was so handsome and so accomplished, and would some day have thirty thousand pounds to call her own. The old man's reply, as soon as amazement would let him speak, was a peremptory refusal, accompanied by some disparaging remarks on the vileness of Matthew's origin—he had gone to Bellingham & Co.'s from the workhouse—and followed up by the intimation that he, Matthew, should retain his confidential post no longer, but be put back to the position of an ordinary assistant in the establishment. Matthew vowed to be revenged, and he kept his word. It was while he was in this mood that he made the acquaintance of an individual going by the name of Captain de Vaux—the stout man of my narrative—a gay dashing fellow of insinuating manners, who was staying for a few weeks at the best hotel in Mellingshall. De Vaux was not long before he wormed himself into Matthew's confidence, and heard from his lips the narrative of his wrongs, as he deemed them to be; and then by slow degrees he unfolded a plan by which Lamplough might both revenge and enrich himself at the same time. Matthew stared aghast at the proposal when it was first unfolded to him; but the cunning De Vaux gradually familiarized him with the idea, till at length he seized it with avidity. The first thing to do was to obtain duplicate keys of the strong boxes in which the stock of Bellingham & Co. was stored in the cellars below the shop. Wax impressions of the genuine keys were easily obtained by Matthew, from which De Vaux had real keys manufactured. After these had been tried, and found to answer, the time for their enterprise was fixed, and all needful preparations made by De Vaux for its successful issue.

Mr. Bellingham always left town on Saturday evenings, to spend Sunday at his villa in the country, the premises being left in charge of Matthew and two other assistants. It was agreed that Matthew should ask for leave of absence from Saturday night till Monday morning; and that, after the departure of Mr. Bellingham, he should go down into the cellars, open the safes with his false keys, load his portmanteau with the most valuable property he could find, relock the safes, and then quietly take his departure, as though he were going on his proposed journey. All this was safely accomplished. Lamplough got out of the house without being suspected by his fellow-servants, but not till half an hour past the time agreed on, so that when he and De Vaux reached the station, they found that the last north train had been gone five minutes. Their plan had been to get down by train to the station nearest De Vaux's house, then take the cab which would be in waiting for them, and so reach home about one o'clock in the morning. Here the spoil was to be divided, the necessary disguises assumed; and by six o'clock on Sunday morning, they were to be on board one of the foreign steamers which started at that hour from a neighboring port, by which means they would be safe out of England before the robbery was discovered. The rest you know.

The old man was too cunning to allow himself to be implicated in any way. Captain de Vaux was merely his lodger, he said; as to what his pursuits were, he knew nothing; and he had been requested to take care of me as being a mild lunatic, whom De Vaux was about to conduct to a private asylum. I may mention that in his younger days the old man had been known as a notorious "fence," or receiver of stolen goods.

The *soi disant* Captain de Vaux was captured several years after in France, for a daring robbery committed in that country, and condemned to the *travaux forcés* for—I forget how many years.

☞ "No smoking allowed here," said the steward of a steamboat to an Irishman. "I'm not smoking aloud, your honor," was the reply.

NAMELESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ZETA PSI.

I.

I've seen them oft and lightly
Their blue eyes beamed so brightly,
The light that flies,
From bright blue eyes,
Will wound a breast, tho' knightly!
Tho' often smiling seeming,
Their brows then overweening,
That angry glance,
With head askance,
Would break my bright day's dreaming.

II.

Their smiles whene'er in meeting
Were changed to frowns repeating,
Lest they should see,
'Neath modesty,
A friendly look of greeting.
Yet they are unknown ever,
And now beyond endeavor,
'Tis proved to me,
That they will be,
Still nameless here forever.

—*University of Pennsylvania.*

Domestic Happiness in Africa.

Captain Grant, in his "Walk Across Africa," thus describes the home of a wealthy Indian, a benevolent old man who had an establishment of three hundred native men and women around him:—

"At three o'clock in the morning, Moossah, who had led a hard life in his day, would call out for his little pill of opium, which he never missed for forty years. This would brighten him up till noon. He would then transact business, chat and give you the gossip at any hour you might sit by him on his carpet. To us it seemed strange that he never stopped talking when prayers from the Koran were being read to him by a 'Bookeen,' or Madagascar man. Perhaps he had little respect for the officiating priest, as the same reverend and learned gentleman was accustomed to make him his shirts! After a mid-day sleep, he would refresh himself with a second but larger pill, transact business, and so end the day.

"The harem department presented a more domestic scene. At dawn, women in robes of colored chintz, their hair neatly plaited, *gave fresh milk to the swarm of black cats*, or churned butter in gourds, by rocking it to and fro on their laps. By seven o'clock the whole place was swept clean. Some of the household fed the game fowls, or looked after the ducks and pigeons; two women chained by the neck fetched firewood, or ground corn at a stone; children would eat together without dispute, because a matron presided over them—all were quiet, industrious beings, never idle, and as happy as the day was long. When any of Moossah's wives gave birth to a child, there was universal rejoicing; the infant was brought to show its sex; and when one died, the shrill laments of the women were heard all night long. When a child misbehaved, we white men were pointed at to frighten it, as nurses at home too often do with ghost stories."

LINES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY M. T.

Oh! the little disappointments
And the trials which we have,
As with weary feet we travel
From the cradle to the grave.

Little trials never known of,
Even by the ones we love,
Whispered only to the angels,
Floating in the air above.

To the angels scattering roses
All along our path of life,
Smoothing down the rougher places,
Keeping us from sin and strife.

Seeing all our little trials,
All our smiles and all our tears,
As they gently hover o'er us,
Whispering softly in our ears,

Bidding us to bear up bravely,
Meet our troubles with a smile,
Each "cloud has a silver lining,"
'Twill be but a little while.

Sermons.

The custom of taking a text as the basis of a sermon is said to have originated about the time of Ezra, who, accompanied by several Levites, in a public congregation of men and women, ascended the pulpit, opened the book of the law, and, after addressing a prayer to the Deity, to which the people said "Amen," "read in the law *of* God distinctly, gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading." Previous to the time of Ezra, (457 years B. C.,) the patriarchs delivered in public assemblies either prophecies or moral instruction for the edification of the people; and it was not until the return of the Jews from the Babylonian captivity, during which time they had almost lost the language in which the Pentateuch was written, that it became necessary to explain as well as to read the Scriptures to them—a practice adopted by Ezra, and since universally followed. In latter times (Acts xv. 21) the book of Moses was read in the synagogue every Sabbath-day. To this custom our Saviour conformed, and in the synagogue, one Sabbath-day, read a passage from the prophet Isaiah, then closing the book, returned it to the priest, and preached from the text. The custom, which now prevails all over the Christian world, was interrupted in the dark ages, when the "Ethics" of Aristotle were read in many churches on Sunday, instead of the Holy Scriptures.

A RURAL MEMBER of the Connecticut Legislature, at Hartford, the other day, beckoned to the driver of one of the horse-cars, and as he slackened up called him to drive up to the curb-stone. The street was muddy and the member didn't want to spoil the polish on his boots, but he wouldn't come up to the walk, and member went off with a "Gosh, I don't understand why in thunder he didn't drive up and let me in."

☞ The buyer needs a hundred eyes, the seller not one.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XLII.

AN EARNEST SHEPHERD.

That night, long before Hall had cracked away the shell and put the withered old kernel to bed, John Galton and his wife had come to an understanding.

Kate did not lack courage. With all her frivolity, all her vanity, all her natural longings for excitement, all her weaknesses, she was no coward. True, she would often evade a danger, wriggle out of the way of an unpleasantness; but it was from no fear of the danger or unpleasantness; it was solely to exercise her skill that she did it. Or rather that she had done it; for now she was more desirous of bearing all the ills that might be consequent on her own acts, of bearing them entirely by herself—she was, in fact, a better woman than when I first introduced her into these pages.

Her reformation had been wrought by no very extraordinary means, nor perhaps, broadly speaking, was it a very wonderful reformation. She had never been a wrong-doer of a very marked order, nor will she probably ever be a well doer of a very marked order. To the end of her life she will most likely be addicted to excitements that do not lie legitimately in those paths of life which she is destined to pursue. To the end of her life she will be afflicted with a desire for admiration which is not always hers to command. She will never be a perfect woman, nor a specimen matron, but she will lead a guileless life enough, for every particle of good within her husband has vitalised so successfully that it will only die when she herself does.

She came up to the encounter bravely and honestly enough that night after returning from the Caldwells. The encounter promised to be a severe one, she thought; for John had scarcely spoken at all since Lady Glaskill had thrown the glove down, and forced Kate to defend it. The encounter promised to be a severe one; there would be a sharp tussle, she knew well, with her own pride; and she feared even a far sharper one with her husband's just wrath.

She was resolved upon one thing—to make no little tricks of motherhood or domesticity her allies in this battle which her own errors of the past forced her to fight. She would not take her husband to the bedside of their sleeping child, and there make her confession and win his forgiveness. The trick was one that she would have tried a short time since, but she swore before God this night that henceforth there should be no shadow of turning, no tinge of acting, in her dealings with this honest loyal man who had married her. "It shall be all fair and above board," she said to herself, and she meant it.

She ran up stairs before him and went into his dressing-room, and stood there leaning against the chimney-board till he came into the room. He had been hoping so earnestly, praying so fervently, that she would speak to him, and tell him whatever there might be to be told without his asking her, that the tears came into his eyes when he saw her there, evidently prepared to speak.

"John," she began directly he came up to her, "you knew—I saw that you knew it—that Lady Glaskill meant you and me."

"Yes, I knew it," he said.

"I was going to tell you that I had forgotten to speak to you about that furniture, but I will tell no lies on the subject. I have not forgotten it. I've avoided it."

"Why have you avoided it?"

He asked this with a falter in his voice; he saw that she was straining herself up to speak the truth, let the truth be as hard as it might be to speak, and he sickened at the thought of that which he might have to hear.

"Why have you avoided it?"

"Ah! why indeed; you may well ask me, generous, lavish as you are with your money to me. I may well be ashamed of having hesitated to tell you I wanted more; I gratified my whim without counting the cost. Can you forgive me?"

She put her hand out to him as she spoke, and the dew came upon his brow. He could not ask her, "Had these things been given her?" but he very much feared it.

"What is the cost?" he asked, in a thick voice.

"I dont know." Then a blush came upon her cheek as she repeated, "I don't know—I don't know, really; I am afraid I have run dreadfully in debt, John; but the truth is, I *don't* know how much, for I tore up the bills when they sent them in without looking at them. The sight of the sum that would have to be paid would have bored me, so I tore them up."

He saw that she was speaking the truth, and nothing but it, and it was such an immense relief to him.

"Thank God!" he began. "I mean—then why shouldn't I say what I *do* mean?" he continued, taking his wife round the waist and drawing her up close to him. "Never mind the debt, you foolish girl." ("If I were that, there would be more excuse for her," she thought.) "What a brute I must have shown myself, that you dared not tell me before."

"Then you are not angry?" she asked, with a great sob of relief.

"No; and you in turn tell me that in future you'll take me into your confidence in preference to Lady Glaskill."

And so they settled it.

After this the weeks rolled on, winter and spring passed away, and summer was over the land, and still Lady Glaskill made no sign of moving. She had established herself in the best suite of rooms at the Grange, and she had caused it to be distinctly understood that the one-horse brougham, which hitherto had been only used for night-work, should be held sacred to her sole and whole use. There had been more than one passage of arms between Lady Glaskill and Miss Sarah. Miss Sarah had reproved her sister-in-law's aunt for being a whited sepulchre, "and other offensive things," Lady Glaskill said, in the course of her complaint to Kate; and Lady Glaskill had wept and gnashed her last new set of teeth at Miss Sarah, and been generally unavailing in her wrath. But, despite the weeping and gnashing of teeth, she had held her ground at the Grange, and so even Miss Sarah was made to feel that her attacks had been futile.

But after her last round with Miss Sarah, Lady Glaskill refused to join the family circle promiscuously.

"I will come down when I'm protected by society, but when you're alone I'm liable to that woman in a poke-bonnet, and she shatters me," Lady Glaskill said to her niece.

So it came to pass that Lady Glaskill spent much of her time in her own sitting-room, in the ante-room to which her prodigious chests were piled one on top of the other; and here Mr. Shalders called upon her often, and brought her the best of tracts.

"If Aunt Glaskill were younger and richer, and Mr. Shalders older and poorer, I should really think he was making up to her, John," Kate would say sometimes. "As it is, I can only think that he is, as Mr. Caldwell says, 'wonderfully zealous.'"

"What is he supposed to be doing?" John Galton asked, laughing.

"Bringing Lady Glaskill to see the error of her ways," Kate replied.

"Well, rather he than me, that's all I have to say about it," John Galton replied, carelessly. It struck him as rather pitiable, but nothing more, that Mr. Shalders should have nothing better to do on so many days of the week than to sit in a stifling room and talk to a stupid old woman.

"I have been so extremely fortunate, as I have secured—and secured, I may say, for a comparatively small stipend—the services of one of the most earnest men in the church," Mr. Caldwell remarked one day, when Mr. Galton made some allusion to Mr. Shalders's devotion to the very unpromising in appearance cause of Lady Glaskill's salvation. "He is indefatigable—not only on behalf of your aunt, Mrs. Galton—" (and here Mr. Caldwell looked as though he believed it quite possible that Lady Glaskill should take all the time of the most earnest and best of men)—"he is indefatigable, not only on behalf of your aunt, Mrs. Galton, but on behalf of many another lost sinner among our pauper population."

"Very good of him," Kate replied; "but if it's just the same to you, Mr. Caldwell, I would rather that, before me, at least, my poor old aunt should not be included in the category of lost sinners. She has her good points. I have known her do many a generous deed; and though she hasn't exactly blushed to find it fame, she has not blazoned it herself."

"We will hope the best for her. Shalders is most indefatigable in his endeavors to bring her to a right frame of mind—a frame of mind befitting her age," Mr. Caldwell replied, solemnly, and Kate restrained her inclination to say, "Oh, you righteous in-your-own-conceit," and only uttered aloud her hopes that Mr. Shalders's disinterested efforts might meet with their due reward.

Doubtless Mr. Shalders was earnest, indefatigable, disinterested; on the face of it he was unceasing. Through the winter and spring months the Grange avenue gates opened to and closed behind him daily. Lady Glaskill called him a "good young man—a dear, good young man," and declared him to be her sole comfort. He read to her long windy extracts from long windy discourses, in which a few originally good ideas were smothered beneath superfluous words. He talked to her over her five-o'clock tea before dinner, in a way that made her feel that it was just as easy and pleasant to be pious when you were in the country, and there were no card parties going, as it was to be wicked and worldly. Above all, he listened to her; listened to her with keen interest, and laughed at her old stories, and seemed to like the flavor she imparted to them. He "was a very clever man," Lady Glaskill told her niece, "and if he were ever given his chance, he would be a shining light," she added. And Kate said, "Oh! would he?" and did not care much about it.

The tendrils of Lady Glaskill's tough old heart went out and wound themselves around him. He was the sort of man to win his way eventually with worn-out women, for he had a subservient manner at command, which they mistook for reverentialness, and a certain vivacity, a way of saying things in a cheerful strain, as if (the Lord willing) he too could joke within bounds, which they mistook for wit. He could bow his head and press his lips on the fattest or most withered hand without the slightest sign of nausea. He practised this legitimate mark of affection on Lady Glaskill, and Lady Glaskill looked upon it as a very proper and becoming outlet escape-valve for those holy enthusiasms of his which he assured her he felt in the society of the chosen. It was pleasant to her to feel that he believed her to be a chosen vessel; pleasant also to be the recipient of the osculatory sign of his belief.

He wrote notes for her ladyship, and got her to go to church on sacrament Sundays, by inducing Mr. Caldwell to drop the sermon on those occasions. He ran errands for her all over the Grange, rendering himself like unto a tame dog in her service. He told Mrs. Galton, with touching fervor, that he was "but an instrument," and led her to believe that her aunt was coming back to the fold from which she had strayed at some very remote period at a hand canter.

"I am only glad that her eccentricities have taken that form," Mrs. Galton said, in reply; and to her husband she added, "it's a harmless way of passing her time—which is more than can be said of any of her previous occupations, I fancy."

So the months passed on uneventfully, and summer came again, and John Galton asked Frank Burgoyne down to stay at the Grange, as has been told.

"If he comes, I shall ask Theo Leigh down to," Kate said to her husband, while it was still uncertain whether Frank would come or not; to which John Galton, who knew that his wife could not have been blind to Frank's hopeless passion for her, replied,

"It would be better, perhaps."

But before anything was finally decided upon, Lady Glaskill declared that she must go up to town to "see about her dividends;" and when John Galton offered to save her all trouble, she snapped out an abrupt refusal. It happened fortunately that when Lady Glaskill's intention was made manifest, that Mr. Shalders found that business which needed his presence in London would call him thither about the same time as her ladyship.

"So, if you could travel up together, and see after aunt a little, I should be infinitely obliged to you," Kate said to him; and he promised that he would go up with and see after Lady Glaskill; in fact, as Hall observed, "he was quite conformable to the plan."

Fortunately for Mr. Shalders, who accompanied her, Lady Glaskill did not put him to the test by wearing her velvet cap with the fur border. It was warm weather, so she spared his feelings and abstained from the cap. But she wore a sweet simple bonnet, that would have

been juvenile on a head that had seen but eighteen summers—a girlish airy nothing, tied under her chin with tulle. Mr. Shalders bore the bonnet like a man, however. The last that was seen of him from the Haversham platform was the curve of his reverend back as he leant across and essayed to adjust the unadjustable railway-carriage blinds, in order that the sun might not disport too fiercely on the deftly prepared cheeks and brow which the before-mentioned tulle shaded.

"It's quite a relief to be quit for a time of poor Aunt Glashill and her boxes," Kate said to her husband that night, when they were seated at dinner.

"I daresay. Rum freak, though, to lug her boxes up with her if she means coming back, which I suppose she does."

"Yes," Kate replied. "Really, that Shalders is good-natured, John. What trouble he gave himself about seeing them all put into the van, to be sure. He carries what Mr. Caldwell calls his 'earnestness' into everything."

CHAPTER XLIII.

SYDNEY SCOTT'S GAIN.

Meanwhile the arrangements in that little house on Hampstead Heath were all perfected, thanks to Theo. Everything had devolved upon her since the day of her father's death—the ordering and managing of all things fell upon her, and she bore up under unaccustomed burden stoutly. Mrs. Leigh had not loudly lamented, or openly bewailed, the sad loss which she had sustained. But she had suffered horribly in a gentle, uncomplaining secrecy, and she had just sunk under it into a state of lethargy that was hopeless enough. She never worried, she never planned, she never interfered. She simply took no heed of aught that transpired. Accordingly, as I said before, everything had devolved upon Theo.

It was weary work, tedious, uncongenial work, that going constantly to the little house at Hampstead and seeing things gradually right themselves. Theo, after Frank had graciously disapproved of the locality, had not had much heart in her work. True, it was to be her home for some time to come, and the place in which we are going to dwell must always command a certain amount of interest. But it was not going to be her permanent tent. Good and dutiful, unselfish and affectionate, painstaking and untiring, as Theo was, she could not forget that her own tent was to be pitched in a very different position.

Nevertheless,—all unaided as she was, this young girl, cast at twenty on her own resources to stand or fall as the case may be, without any apparent let or hindrance from anybody, with no one to counsel, no one to assist, no one to control her,—nevertheless she labored unceasingly, and managed very well. No matter through what trouble of mind and body, through what perplexity and doubt, it was consummated; the house was habitable at last, the arrangements were all perfected, and it was Theo's work entirely.

They had been busy, bustling, unpleasant weeks. All the bore of furnishing, and none of the bliss, had been hers. She was not free to exercise her taste; bare necessities, absolute requirements, these were all that common sense told her she might get. Carpets and chairs and tables, that were good and substantial, and were warranted to wear well. Prudence held her rigorously to the purchase of these, and such as these alone, and bade her turn away from the tempting array of pretty things which were on view in every shop she entered. It was very hard work, for she was young and possessed of taste, and also of a feeling that the absolutely unadorned paths of life are scarcely worth pursuing. It was very hard to pass the adornments on every side, and know that she must pass them as though they had not been.

By way of improving the aspect of things, Frank, with a masculine disregard for the great grinding god necessity, suggested all manner of ways of relieving her ends which were not practicable.

"Awfully you bother yourself when there's no occasion for it, Theo," he would say, whenever Theo seemed less fresh than he deemed fitting; "why not put the whole thing into Jackson & Graham's hands, and let them do it?"

"They'd charge more for looking at it, than the whole house must cost, Frank," she replied; and then Frank, with a gleam of something like sympathy for the high-hearted, uncomplaining way in which she went on doing what she did not like, told her—

"Never to mind; she should have it all her own way at Maddington by-and-by." "By-and-by" meaning whenever Lord Lesborough should be good enough to die out of his grandson's way.

After the ball, Frank had inclined ever so much more kindly towards Theo's friend, Miss Scott. He cemented a fresh friendship with the bright little blonde, who never had anything in her head save the desire to make herself agreeable to the one present. She was always ready to walk, to talk, to do anything, in fact; and Theo very often in the evening was too tired to do anything more laborious than sit still and listen. When the Leighs migrated to Hampstead, Frank declared that to be an admirable plan which had once been frowned at by him.

"It will do you good to have Sydney Scott with you when you're settled, Theo," he said; and Theo agreed with him—

"As I can't have you always," she replied.

"I suppose you will quite desert Bretford when Theo is gone," Sydney Scott said to him one day; and he tried to slip away from under the weight of the full meaning of that speech, as men are apt to do when such speeches are made to them. It was not pleasant to him, even though he meant to marry her, to have every one thrusting that intention of his forward. Perhaps Sydney had not calculated on the effect of her speech—perhaps she had done so. Who can tell? She was believed by every one, herself included, to be a guileless, undesigning little thing. But the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.

"I don't know why you should suppose anything of the sort," he replied, rather coldly.

"Oh, I didn't know; I fancied she wouldn't like you to come; but you won't quite cut me, will you?"

"No;" he promised her that he would not.

"We have all three been so happy lately," Miss Sydney went on rather plaintively. As Theo's contribution towards the happiness pervading their gatherings lately had consisted of lying down on a sofa and being very silent, it was generous on Miss Scott's part to include her at all.

"We have all three been very happy lately. Oh! dear; I shall miss you, and that's the truth; I hope Theo will let you come sometimes."

After this it was very natural, considering what Frank was, that Bretford should see him frequently. He gave up his contemplated visit to Haversham Grange, simply because his desire to see the mistress of it was fast fading away. He gave up the contemplated visit because it no longer had any charms for him; but not the less on account of that reason did he make a great merit of his abnegation to Theo, and hurl it at her whenever she suffered him to perceive that she thought he might find his way to Hampstead a little oftener.

"My dear girl, you wouldn't surely have me give up everything, would you?"

"No, decidedly not, Frank, but—"

"Didn't I give up going into Norfolk because I thought you would be dull without me, in this beastly inaccessible spot you have put yourself in? What more can a fellow do?"

Miss Scott was held by all her acquaintances, herself included, to be guileless, undesigning, open as the day. She most probably was all of these things—in a measure. Who can exactly tell where she left off being them? Who, indeed, can tell whether she did leave off being them, or whether her acts and their results were as void of all calculation as they appeared to be? Who can tell anything about anybody, if it comes to that?

Sydney Scott was a pretty, naturally clever, observant girl, gifted with the great grace of making the most of herself in every way. She had the trick of seeming, not only frank and cordial, but well-bred, which she was not. At least her breeding, such as it was, did not come by inheritance, for the parent birds were unconditionally vulgar, and Miss Scott saw that they were so, and Miss Scott was heartily ashamed of them.

Her father was the more endurable of the two to her—that is to say, she could explain him away, as it were. "He went to sea when he was very young, and when the service was a very rough school, you know," she would say, when circumstances over which she had no control forced her papa to the front. But with regard to her mother, no such explanation could be offered. Mrs. Scott was a vulgar old woman, and her daughter saw that she was so, and didn't like it.

Sydney was naturally a sharp, clever girl, and as she was thrown more and more in contact with people possessed even of superficial refinement, she sharpened herself still more, and refined herself outwardly—refined herself, that is to say, quite enough for the society in which she was thrown not to find her wanting. When she had done this, those speeches of her mamma's about "knowing well what was due to the nobility," and the like, grated upon her irritable young nerves, and made her long for a fling in the world "quite free from mamma."

It was the old story of the new generation outstripping the old. They had themselves aided in making her unsuited to themselves. In her own outspoken way she had explained the whole case to Theo in a moment of confidence, and this was what she had said:

"I pass muster very well, you see, Theo, and mamma *does not*; now is it undutiful of me to wish to keep her quietly at home, where she isn't laughed at?"

Theo declined to give an opinion. The position was a delicate one; but as Miss Leigh had never been placed in it herself with respect to her own parents, she perhaps failed to appreciate the full force of the unpleasantness that had been an incubus on Sydney since the day "distinctions" had first dawned upon her.

Theoretically she would have scorned the idea of aiming at a bird that had fallen already to her friend's gun; but Frank Burgoyne was "very nice," and it was very pleasant to have him at the house when her mamma would refrain from lavishing her was'es and were's in the wrong places upon her. It was very pleasant to have him there, and to remember that he had liked her very much, and that he wasn't married to Theo yet, and that he would be Lord Lesborough.

Mr. Burgoyne was a great deal up in town now, though his grandfather was rapidly declining. At last Mr. Burgoyne received a letter from Ethel that made him feel that it would not do for him to dally any longer. Lord Lesborough desired to see his grandson married immediately: Lord Lesborough made it a special request that the days of Theo Leigh's mourning for her father should be shortened—brought to a termination by her marriage with his heir.

Frank Burgoyne had not been near Theo for ten days when he received this communication. Hampstead was a long way off. Her selection of Hampstead as a residence was the cause of all the mischief that might ensue; so at least he told himself. He felt righteously angry with Theo for having gone to Hampstead when he had protested against her doing so. He felt righteously angry with Linley for having hurried him into a declaration before he was quite sure that he wished to make it. He felt angry with his grandfather for so unreasonably trying to precipitate matters. Above all, he felt angry with himself, though he scarce knew why.

He was unstable as water. The curse of being so was upon him, and he knew it. He vacillated for an hour between his inclination to carry the contents of that letter to Sydney Scott, and hear what she would say, and his knowledge that it behoved him to go to Theo. He was as unstable as water. Finally he went down to Bretford, and as soon as she caught sight of him, the sharp little blonde saw that a climax of some sort or other was coming before long.

She flushed brilliantly with the hope that the coming climax might be favorable to herself, and checked all compunction within her breast with the reflection that, "if she chose, she might charge Theo with treachery, since she had confided to Theo her belief in Frank Burgoyne's love and admiration for herself, and Theo had listened." She flushed brilliantly, and she checked all compunctious scruples. In fact, she looked very pretty, and ready to do and dare anything.

"Papa and mamma wanted me to go with them to hear the band play," she said, while she was shaking hands with him, "but I wouldn't. I thought you might come possibly."

One disposed to censure Miss Scott, might have thought that it was scarcely in the order of things that she should stay in alone, avowedly with the hope of having an interview with a man who was engaged to her friend. It was a dangerous piece of flattery: but Frank liked being flattered, and was not at all disposed either to censure Miss Scott or lament the absence of her mamma.

He just gave the small white hand a tiny pressure before he released it, and said,

"I'm very glad of that. I want to tell you something."

At once there flashed through her mind a vision of that which he had to tell her, and she resolved upon making a bold play to be Lady Lesborough. She interlaced her delicate rounded fingers within each other almost convulsively, and her large gray eyes dilated, and the corners of her flexible mouth went down, as she exclaimed,

"Don't tell me—and yet do: you're ordered over the precipice?"

"Yes, but I'm not over it yet," he said, placing his hand down upon hers, as they still clasped each other. Then she knew that the game was her own. She knew that she had won. She knew that this man was ready to jilt Theo Leigh at a word from her—at less even—at a look, a sigh! She knew this as she stood silent and motionless for a few seconds, excusing herself to herself, and declaring to herself simultaneously that no excuses were needed.

"No, you're not over it yet, certainly," she replied, slowly; "have you come to tell me that you're ready to go over it, though? because, if you have," and here she began to speak very fast, "say it at once."

"I didn't come to tell you that," he said. "I came to tell you—" and then he paused, for he was not quite sure of what he had come to tell her.

She gave what he fancied to be a gasp of profound emotion; in reality it was only a bit of excited breath-catching. The game was not quite her own yet. She was horribly afraid of losing it.

A word might make, or a word mar her. She saw that. She recognized fully that it was upon the cards still that she might lose, and with such great gains in view, to lose would be so very ingominious. A word might make or mar her. She called silence, and sweet looks, and a half-stifled sigh, to her aid, the guileless little creature, as skilfully as the most designing woman could have done.

He never thought for an instant of what Theo Leigh would suffer. He only felt that this "dear little thing" before him, with the clasped hands, and the big gray eyes, and the drooping corners, to the usually joyous mouth, was "feeling awfully cut up" at the prospect of his marriage with another girl. It would not be a good thing to do, but other men had done it before. "By Jove!" (with a sudden flash of memory,) "another man had done it to Theo Leigh herself. It would not be a good thing to do, but—"

"God! I can't stand it!" he cried, drawing Sydney nearer. "Believe me, I was let into that affair, Sydney, and I mean to get out of it, if you'll reward me for the bother it will give me."

So, on Sydney promising both to forgive and to reward him, he determined upon his perfidy to Theo, and justified his determination in the manliest, most honorable manner, by declaring that he "wasn't the first fellow who had served her so." This was quite natural—in fact, this was inevitable. The thing he was going to do was so very mean and low, that only on the meanest, lowest grounds could it be justified.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ DIDN'T GO HOME TILL MORNING.—A good anecdote—never before in the newspapers—is told of Manager Price, Theodore Hook and the eccentric Cannon. After a dinner given by Mr. Stephen Price, of Drury Lane Theatre, all the guests, with the exception of Cannon and Theodore Hook, having long since retired, the host, who was suffering from a severe attack of gout, was compelled to allude pretty plainly to the lateness of the hour; no notice, however, was taken of the hint, and unable to endure any longer the pain of sitting up, Mr. Price at length slipped quietly off to bed. On the following morning, he inquired of his servant—"Pray, at what time did those gentlemen go last night?" "Go, sir?" replied John; "they are not gone; they have just rung for coffee."

☞ As the famous elephant Hannibal, who has just died, was on his way to Washington, a few weeks since, he passed through a portion of Maryland where an elephant had never been seen, causing great astonishment, and sometimes consternation. One ancient female contraband, on suddenly encountering the huge beast, started back in amazement, and, after a moment's examination of the "critter," threw up her hands, exclaiming, with the utmost gravity, "Bress de Lord, what tings dey do get up for dis war." She was under the full impression that Hannibal was a new-fangled invention got up to crush out the rebellion.

☞ An Irish glazier was putting a pane of glass into a window, when a groom, who was standing by, began joking him, telling him to mind and put in plenty of putty. The Irishman bore the banter for some time, but at last silenced his tormentor by, "Arrah now, be off wid ye, or else I'll put a pain in your head widout any putty!"

☞ A Western chap, in describing a gale of wind, says, "A white dog while attempting to weather the gale, was caught with mouth wide open, and turned completely inside out."

☞ A toast given for the shoe and leather manufacturers—"May they have all the women in the country to shoe, and the men to boot."

☞ Tetotum tells us that a Miss Buchanan, once rallying a brave soldier on his courage, said:—"Now, Captain ———, do you really mean to tell me you can walk up to a cannon's mouth without fear?" "Yes," was the prompt reply, "or a Buchanan's, either." And he did it.

☞ THE GRAND REVIEW.—The persons who were unable to visit Washington to see the grand review of our armies, may get some idea of the extent, if not the brilliancy of the pageant, by knowing that the soldiers occupied a line of twenty-one miles in length, walking sixty abreast. This beats all the processions ever yet seen in this country.

☞ One would naturally imagine that a dog given to perpetual barking—and in this respect like the boy in the fable who cried "Wolf"—would be of comparatively little value as a watch. The Arabs, however, think otherwise. They say truly, that if a dog bark all night, he cannot possibly fall asleep, and that the change in his bark on the approach of an intruder is quite sufficient to arouse the soundest sleeper. His usual bark is a warning to the enemy that the sentries within the camp are awake, and to his master it is a perpetual report that "All's well."

☞ Florence is expected to become as dear as Turin, where prices have enormously risen within the last six years.

Advertising for a Wife, and What Came of It.

The Toronto Leader gives the particulars of a matrimonial romance, in which a Vermont clergyman was the main character, the denouement of which was, however, anything but romantic to him. It seems that a farmer in McHenry county, Illinois, named W———, had advertised in a Chicago paper for a wife, which was replied to by a dashing young law student of Toronto, ripe for fun, under the name of Helen Christopher. A warm correspondence ensued, "Helen" imitating the hand and style of a lady anxious to make a good match, and describing herself as an orphan of respectable family connections, and of means, residing in Toronto. The correspondence was finally broken off by W———'s neglect in paying his postage, which in Canada amounts to something, and he married some one in his own neighborhood. But the sequel contains the pith of the story. W———'s father, a minister in Vermont, and a widower, by some means got hold of "Helen's" letters to his son, and, being struck with her style, wrote to her with a view of marrying her himself. He told her that

"I am a minister of the gospel, am unmarried, buried a nice little wife years ago, and have no children to tax the attention of a companion. My family is provided for and off my hands. I think sometimes of discontinuing preaching, and of retiring to private life. My age people judge to be thirty-five, though I am older. I am above the middle size of men, though not large; have perfect health, and a fair position in society. My complexion is dark, with dark eyes and hair—hair not tinged with gray in the least. What makes my complexion still darker, I wear full beard and moustache."

And queried:

"May I ask my little girl (if I may be allowed to call her so) if you are a Christian? If you can sing and play on the melodeon? If you have good health? What is your complexion?"

Helen promptly replied, and an animated correspondence ensued, resulting in the Reverend inviting himself to visit Toronto to obtain an interview with his fair correspondent. This was rather more than "Helen" desired, and thinking it imprudent to bring the old man on a fool's errand, some six hundred miles from his "local" habitation, sent him a note over another name, pretending to have accidentally found one of his letters, and to be a rival of his for the affections of Helen, and threatening him with castigation in case he should make his appearance in this city. Rev. J——— W——— wrote again to Helen, disclaiming any wrong intentions, and asking if his rival should exercise any control over such a lady. She then replied that he might come, when he replied that he would be there on the 9th or 10th of May, when he expected to meet his "little girl," his "dearest Helen." He arrived on the day appointed, and sent his "little girl" a note, desiring her to meet him at a certain hour at the corner of a certain street. He went, but saw no one like the photograph "Helen had sent him, which was the portrait of a prominent actress. But the eyes of a large party of "Helen's acquaintances, who had been let into the secret, were upon him. He appeared sadly disappointed, being fidgety in his movements, casting wistful glances at the passers by as he promenaded the streets, whilst his tormentors, for such they were, could scarcely contain themselves. They were at his side at the post-office, on the street, and even talking with him in the hotel. Not finding his "little Helen," he concluded to leave town, but "she" determined he should not go until he had learned a lesson. With his party of friends he appeared at the station, and, stepping up to the reverend gentleman, as he stood on the car platform, he held out his hand, shouting, "How are you, W———? How is Miss Helen Christopher?" Mr. J——— W——— became pale with rage, stamped his foot on the planks, and, with uplifted hands, exclaimed, "You vile rascal, how dare you play me such a trick!" Just then the train started, amid the shouts of the merry young fellows, for W——— and Helen Christopher, bearing off the discomfited, foolish old lover, a sadder and wiser man, and who will probably never get a wife by advertising.

Does the Spider Eat His Web.

Yes; but it is not eaten till it is done with, or too much broken to admit of being mended. When the spider swallows his web he is simply giving his particular illustration of the rule that in Nature nothing must be wasted, nothing lost. If the first principle which looks out upon us out of all the works of God be liberality, or grand profusion, the second is a wise, superb economy. This appears in things which are least. The spider clings to a broad leaf, and weaves his old patterns over again in new silk, and the slender tissues are not worthless, even when some rude blow shivers or entangles them. Moreover, when he eats his web, he is one small link in a universal cycle of incessant reproduction and change. Liebig, in his *Natural Laws of Husbandry*, states that when a leaf fades and falls it is a kind of empty envelope, a poor *simulacrum* of its former self. In the very act which we call fading, the best part of its substance was given back to the bough or the spray on which it hung, and there reabsorbed. What the tree seems to lose in leaves, it really gains in wood, as the torn web nourishes the spider. Ages and ages since, the earth brought forth abundantly, and every bud and every tree, like the whole mighty network of thicket and forest, drew their juices of life from her bosom. Stretching out broad and deep along what is now the mountain limestone, we find the same old network of vegetation lying in her bosom again—the wood changed in to coal. Here is the earth herself swallowing what she had first brought forth, and keeping it stored up in her "coal-measures" till we need it to-day. Dig out the coal, let the hearth be bright, and let the forge glow, and then watch how the dark vapors creep and spread over the sky, like some mighty spider's web. Even this last product of the furnace and the chimney is too precious to lose. Ten thousand green leaves attract and suck in the rich carbon, which the atmosphere has distilled from the smoke. Through their innumerable mouths the unwearied old plant swallows her own workmanship again, as a tree extracts the substance of its own falling leaves, or as the spider eats its web.

☞ The Battle Record says:—"A disappointed candidate for the office of constable remarked to us yesterday, in speaking of men who would sell their votes, that they were 'as base as Æsop of old, who sold his birthright for a mess of potash!'"

☞ What did Io die of? Iodide of potassium.

The Correct Account of Jeff Davis's Capture.

The woman's dress story is, in the main, true, although it has been told a score of times by different correspondents, many of whom supplied the lack of a knowledge of facts by copious draughts from the imagination, and gave it as many different phases as there are months in the calendar. The facts are as follows:

The attack was made upon the camp by Col. Pritchard just as the first streak of dawn began to light the eastern sky. Everything was profoundly silent. Jeff was undoubtedly dreaming of his former greatness, and the entire party were wrapped in the somnambulent embrace of Morpheus, when they were suddenly startled by the yells of the soldiers, and awoke too late to make preparation for even a feeble resistance. After the officers and men in the "fly" were safely under guard, which occupied some time, a corporal went to the door of the tent occupied by defunct royalty, and ordered them to come forth and deliver themselves up. Mrs. Davis appeared at the door and said:

"Please, gentlemen, do not intrude upon the privacy of ladies. There are no gentlemen here, and you will oblige us greatly by giving us time to dress."

"All right, madam," said the little corporal. "We will give you time to make your toilet, and then you can take a ride to Macon for your health."

A guard was placed around the tent, and the reader's imagination must draw from the *denouement* what transpired inside. After a half-hour's interval, the monotony outside only being broken by the demands of the guard to "hurry up," there came to the door Mrs. Davis and Miss Howell, leading an apparently decrepid old lady, dressed in a lady's morning wrapper, with a tight hood on her head, and her face covered with a small veil. The "old lady" could walk only with great difficulty, but tottered through the door of the tent with a tin pail on her arm.

"Soldier, I suppose you have no objection to letting my old mother go to the spring for some water for us to wash with?" said Mrs. Davis.

"Well, I reckon I have some little objection to letting that old lady go," said the corporal. "She wears boots, don't she?"—and with the point of his sabre he raised the frock, discovering a large coarse pair of calfskin boots. While the corporal was discovering and exhibiting the cloven foot of the beast, another soldier stripped the veil and hood from off his face, and lo!—Jeff Davis stood before them!

When Jeff saw that he was fairly caught, and would be delivered into the hands of his enemies, he waxed exceeding wroth, and railed out at the soldiers whenever opportunity offered. He frequently made use of such sneering remarks as:

"Valorous soldiers, indeed, to make war upon women and children." "I thought the Yankee government was a little more valorous than to send its soldiers to steal defenceless women and children out of their beds at night," &c.

Mrs. Davis ironically remarked that she "was not aware that an old woman and four children were of so much value as to be escorted by three hundred soldiers through the country."

I have previously mentioned the effect produced upon Davis by the President's proclamation offering a reward of one hundred thousand dollars for his arrest. I have often tried to imagine the terror of Belshazzar when he read his doom in the handwriting on the wall, or the horror of the murderer when the hands of the officers of the Law are laid rudely upon him. Such, but in a vastly magnified degree, must have been the feelings of Jeff Davis when he read that proclamation. As his eyes glanced over the fatal lines, I have thought that he must have come to the first realization of his condition. He trembled like an aspen leaf, dropped the paper from his hands, and sank into reveries and sullenness. His wife picked up the paper, read its contents audibly, and they all burst into tears.

☞ It has been discovered that the respectable and world-renowned monarch, Old King Cole, was a descendant of Anthracite, and that his jolly old soul was nothing but shoe leather.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There is not much demand for Flour; sales of 3000 bbls. part for export, at $5@5,75 for common and good superfine, $6,87@7,25 for extras, and $7 to $8,50 for extra family, the latter for high grade Western. Rye Flour is selling at $5@5,50 ₩ bbl. Corn Meal—100 bbls Pennsylvania sold at $4,50 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN.—The market is poorly supplied with Wheat; sales of 25,000 bus at 160@170c for Western and Pennsylvania reds; 165@175 for good and choice Southern do, and 175@210c for common to choice white. Rye—Small sales at 87@93c. Corn—Sales of 35,000 bus at 75@80c for yellow, and 76@78c for white. Oats—Sales of 20,000 bus are reported at 54@56c.

PROVISIONS.—The market is unsettled and drooping, and Mess Pork is selling in a small way at $24@26 ₩ bbl. Beef ranges at $15@22 for country and city mess. Beef Hams are worth $27@28. Bacon moves off slowly at 19@22c, the latter for fancy barged Hams, and 15@17c for Shoulders. Green Meats—Sales at 18@20c for Hams in pickle, and 14@15c for Shoulders in salt. Lard meets with a limited demand at 17@18½c for tierce, the latter for prime, and 20@21c for kegs. Butter is quoted at 20@25c; choice 30@35. Cheese is selling at 16@18c ₩ lb. Eggs sell at 27c ₩ dozen.

COTTON.—The week's sales reach some 650 bales at 60@65c for ordinary, and 66@66c for middling and good middling quality.

BARK.—100 hhds Quercitron sold at $30 for 1st No 1. Tanners' Bark is selling at $18@22 ₩ cord, the latter for Spanish Oak.

COAL.—The market is unsettled and depressed.

COFFEE.—The market is firm. Sales Rio at 22@23c gold, and St Domingo at 25½@26½c currency.

FEATHERS are selling at 60@62c for Western.

FRUIT is dull and prices nearly nominal.

HAY is selling at $20 ₩ ton.

HOPS sell at 40@50c ₩ lb for first sort Eastern and Western.

IRON.—Sales of Pig Metal at $26@38 ₩ ton, the latter for good No 1.

LUMBER.—Sales at $30@33 for White Pine; $25@27 for Yellow Sap, and $20 for Lehigh Hemlock Boards.

MOLASSES is dull and unsettled.

OILS.—Petroleum is lower. Crude is held at 34@35c. Refined in bond is quoted at 69@70c, and Free Oil at 60@70c.

SEEDS.—There is little or no demand for Clover or Timothy. Flaxseed is selling at $2,60 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS.—N. E. Rum is quiet and prices nearly nominal. Whiskey. Sales at $2,10@2.

SUGARS are firm and moderately active.

TALLOW.—Sales of rendered at 10½@10½c.

WOOL.—The market is very quiet. A few small lots of new mixed have been disposed of at 60@65c, and old fleece at 67@70c, the latter for choice clips; tub is quoted at 80c, and Yarns at $1,15@1,25 ₩ lb.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1800 head. Two-thirds consisted from $11 to 15,50 ₩ 100 lbs. 2800 Hogs at from $11,00 to 12,00 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—5000 head were disposed of at from 6½ to 8 cts ₩ lb. 112 Cows brought from $25 to 50 ₩ head.

A young Parisian artist lately painted a portrait of a duchess, with which her friends were not satisfied, declaring that it was totally unlike her. The painter, however, was convinced that he had succeeded admirably, and proposed that the question of resemblance or no resemblance should be left to a little dog belonging to the duchess; which was agreed to. Accordingly the picture was sent to the hotel of the lady the next day, and a large party assembled to witness the test. The dog was called in, and no sooner did he see the portrait of the lady than he sprang upon it, licked it all over, and showed every demonstration of the greatest joy. The triumph of the painter was complete; and all present insisted that the picture had been retouched during the night; which was actually so, the artist having rubbed it over with a thin coating of lard!

☞ A Petroleum, who is doing the "tower" of Europe, thus graphically describes Constantinople:—Konstantinopul has a capitle sight. It looks from seving hills up on bewtiful spectivles ockerpieing the hole feeld in vishun. There the Phosphorus, the sea of murmurer, Mount Limpus, the Hellspond, and eetery—a panniramer that brings to mind the wurds of the sellybrated Moor:—

"And O! of thar be a lyceum upon airth,
It is this, it is this!"

Jarrd's "Email de Paris" for imparting beauty and freshness to the complexion. The most sensitive and retiring lady may use the exquisite "Email" without hesitancy. L'Email is especially endorsed by Miss Vestvali, Lucille Western, Mrs. D. P. Bowers and many other ladies of beauty and talent. Sold by all Druggists, Perfumers and Ladies' Hair Dressers. Orders by mail should be addressed to Jarrd & Rand, Philada., Pa. mar11-3m

COX'S TONIC ELIXIR.

All the ladies use Cox's Tonic Elixir, and declare that nothing is so strengthening and invigorating after the fatigues of a warm day as that sovereign preparation. They place it side by side on the toilet-table with the "Email de Paris" and say that if the one beautifies the complexion, the other imparts a vivacity and freshness to the physical system altogether indispensable. Cox's Tonic Elixir can be had of Samuel C. Hart, Druggist and Chemist, 24 South Second street, below Market.

Beauty.—HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for $1.13. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. mar1-1y

The Miasma and Foul Vapors generated by the hot sun will be far more deadly to our volunteers than the enemy's bayonets. In the Indian and Crimean campaigns, HOLLOWAY'S PILLS were used in enormous quantities. They kept the troops in perfect health. If the reader of this notice cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 45 cents, 63 cts., and $1.60 per box or pot. Soldiers, supply yourselves. Sold by all Druggists.

PATIENTS BROUGHT TO THE BRINK OF THE GRAVE by disease of the lungs CAN BE SAVED by

COD LIVER OIL

Of entirely pure and of the best quality, *but not otherwise*. John C. Baker & Co.'s medicinal transparent Cod Liver Oil has the sanction of the leading incorporated medical institutions of this country. There is none comparable to it. Manufactured and sold by John C. Baker & Co., No. 715 Market street, Philadelphia. Price $1 per bottle. Letters from the country receive attention. For sale by all druggists. my6-3m

Three of Cox's Infallible Dyspeptic Pills, taken one at a time, will effect a certain cure. Dyspeptics should apply for them at once to Samuel C. Hart, 24 South Second street, below Market, Philadelphia.

The Beautiful Art of Enamelling the Skin.

HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 8th St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

Fits! Fits! Fits!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find Hance's Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 68 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box $3; two, $5; twelve, $24. feb25-eow1m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d of May, by the Rev. J. R. Kennard, Mr. William H. Ennis, of this city, to Miss Annie E. Gay, of Greensburg, Pa.

On the 23d of May, by the Rev. J. W. Robins, D. D., Samuel P. Blount to Caroline S. R. Morris, daughter of the late Wm. Morris.

On the 24th of May, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. Charles H. Ellis to Miss Alice J. Keal, both of this city.

On the 16th of May, by the Rev. C. Thompson, Mr. Albert G. Cowperthwaite to Miss Annie E. Forman, both of this city.

On the 11th of May, by the Rev. T. C. Murphy, Mr. Edward L. Rich to Miss A. Louisa Austin, both of Wilmington, Del.

On the 18th of May, by the Rev. Dr. V. D. Reed, Mr. Charles H. Snyder to Miss Tillie R., daughter of Lucius C. Pierson, Esq., both of Camden, N. J.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Washington, D. C., on the 23d of May, Rev. William Chauvin, D. D.

On 5th inst., 24th, Mary O. Sharpless, in her 73d year.

On the 22d of May, William H. Johns, in his 59th year.

On the 23d of May, C. Collins Champion, in his 35th year.

On the 21st of May, Mrs. Mary J. Test, aged 60 years.

On the 21st of May, David Shipe, in his 93d year.

On the 20th of May, Mrs. Elizabeth Clocus, aged 87 years.

On the 18th of May, Daniel V. Pace, Esq., in his 60th year.

On the 19th of May, John Bentley, in his 92d year.

On the 18th of May, Thomas Vansant, in his 77th year.

On the 20th of May, William Slemmer, in his 40th year.

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GOOD STOCK OF SILK GOODS.
GOOD STOCK OF DRESS GOODS.
SHAWLS AND STAPLE GOODS.
mar18-1y

☞ The late Mr. Thackeray had a nose of a most peculiar shape, as may be seen by his portrait. The bridge was very low, and the nostrils extremely well developed. On one occasion, at a party where Douglass Jerrold was present, it was mentioned that Mr. Thackeray's religious opinions were unsettled, and that a lady of his acquaintance was doing her best to convert him to Romanism. "To Romanism!" exclaimed Jerrold. "Let's hope she'll begin with his nose!"

☞ Six Feet High.—The wit deservedly won his bet, who, in a company where every one was bragging of his tall relations, wagered that he himself had a brother twelve feet high. He had, he said, two half brothers, each measuring six feet.

☞ A witty chap indites the following good thing:—"The match was a regular greenback match, that could not by law be staid; his offer a legal tender was, and she was the tender maid (made)."

☞ A contemporary notices it as a singular fact that nearly all the leaders of the Southern rebellion were advanced in years. They were certainly old enough to know better.

☞ Tobacco gets tormented in every way—burnt, smoked, chewed, pinched, and, now, taxed nearly out of sight!

☞ One Patrick Macguire had been appointed to a situation the reverse of a place of all work; and his friends, who called to congratulate him, were very much surprised to see his face lengthen on receipt of the news. "A sinecure, is it?" exclaimed Pat. "Sure I know what a *sinecure* is; it is a place where there is *nothing to do*, and they *pay you by the piece*."

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The Swimming Department of the above Institution is now in full operation. Dr. Jansen's System of Instruction is easy, pleasant, and very successful. Ladies or gentlemen contemplating to visit the seashore not having learned to swim yet are invited to a visit. From 6 to 10 lessons will enable them to become good swimmers by continued practice. The temperature of the water is always that of midsummer. For particulars see circular. je3-ks

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Marguerite (Photograph)	Merle.
The Lost Sheep	Landseer.
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Worship in the Backwoods	Fald.
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A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Double case, Lever Cap, Small Size, White Enamelled Dial, Cut Hands, "*English Movements*," and Correct Timekeeper, with an accurate "*Miniature Calendar*," indicating the *Day of the Week, Month*, &c., in back case. A single one sent free, by mail, to any part of the country, in neat case, with a Beautiful Vest Chain, for only $10.

A neat SILVER WATCH, same as above, with the Miniature Calendar, &c., specially adapted to the Army. Sent free, by mail, to any part of the country, for only $7.

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9	" Headaches, Sick Headache, or Vertigo	25
10	" Dyspepsia, Weak Stomach, Costiveness	25
11	" Suppressed, Scanty or Painful Periods	25
12	" Leucorrhœa, or Whites, Profuse Periods	25
13	" Croup, Hoarse Cough, Difficult Breathing	25
14	" Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions	25
15	" Rheumatism, and all Rheumatic Pains	25
16	" Fever and Ague, Chill Fever—Old Agues	50
17	" Piles, internal or external, blind or bleeding	50
18	" Ophthalmy, Sore, Weak or Inflamed Eyes	50
19	" Catarrh, acute or chronic, or influenza	50
20	" Whooping Cough, or violent Coughs	50
21	" Asthma, Oppressed, Difficult Breathing	50
22	" Ear Discharges and Impaired Hearing	50
23	" Scrofula, Enlarged Glands, Swellings	50
24	" General Debility, or Physical Weakness	50
25	" Dropsy and Scanty Secretions	50
26	" Sea-Sickness, or Sickness from riding	50
27	" Kidney Disease, Gravel, Renal Calculi	50
28	" Nervous Debility, Seminal Emissions, Involuntary Discharges	$1 00
29	" Sore Mouth, or Canker of Adults or Children	50
30	" Urinary Incontinence and Wetting the Bed	50
31	" Painful Periods, even with Spasms	50
32	" Sufferings at Change of Life	$1 00
33	" Epilepsy, Spasms, and St. Vitus' Dance	1 00
34	" Diphtheria and Ulcerated Throat	50

FAMILY CASES.

Case of 35 vials, in morocco case, Book complete	$10 00
Case of Twenty large vials, in morocco, and Book	5 00
Case of Twenty large vials, plain case, and Book	5 00
Case of Fifteen boxes (Nos. 1 to 15,) and Book	3 00

☞ These REMEDIES, by the case or the single box, are sent to any part of the country, by Mail or Express, free of charge, on the receipt of the price. Address,

Humphrey's Specific Homœpathic Medicine Co., Office and Depot, No. 562 Broadway, N. York.

Dr. HUMPHREYS is consulted daily at his office, personally or by letter, as above, for all forms of disease.

For Sale by all Dealers in Medicine everywhere. may27-3m

THE LITTLE GIANT MICROSCOPE.

This is an instrument of high magnifying power, for the examination of living or dead insects, flowers, seeds, minerals, claws on a fly's foot, tubular structure of hair, and other objects innumerable. It can be carried in the pocket or attached to a watch chain. A pleasing instrument for old or young. Liberal terms by the dozen. A sample will be sent, post-paid, for one dollar.

Also, the new and beautiful folding

POCKET STEREOSCOPE,

which magnifies pictures large and life-like, will be sent, post-paid, for $2. Choice stereoscopic views $1 per dozen. Address
GEORGE MEAD,
Thompsonville, Racine Co., Wisconsin.
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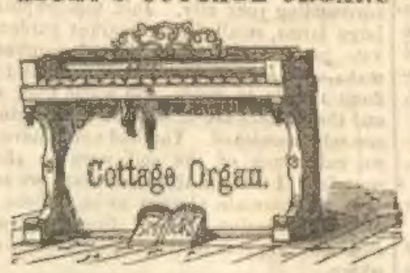
ESTEY'S COTTAGE ORGANS



Are not only unexcelled, but they are positively unequalled by any reed instrument in the country for SWEETNESS of TONE, POWER and DURABILITY. For sale only by E. M. BRUCE,
No. 18 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

Also, constantly on hand, a complete assortment of the PERFECT MELODEON. PIANOS from the best manufactories in the country. Also, SHEET MUSIC. je16-1y

P. S. PETERSON & Co.,
(Late Withers & Peterson,)
30 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA,
STOCK AND EXCHANGE
BROKERS.

STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

7 3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.

All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

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Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.

DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.
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ORATORIO OF ST. PAUL.

BY MENDELSSOHN. In Vocal Score Uniform in style with Ditson & Co.'s popular edition of "Creation," "Messiah," and "Elijah," and furnished at the same prices, namely: In paper $1.75; in boards $2; in cloth $2.50. Copies of one or all of these Oratorios sent post-paid, on receipt of price.

OLIVER DITSON & Co.,
je3-4t 277 Washington St., Boston.

THE FRANKLIN SAVING FUND,

No. 136 South Fourth St., Below Chestnut,

Pays five per cent. Interest on Deposits. Agents for the sale of United States 7 3-10 Loans at Par. Government, State and City Loans and Stocks bought and sold for depositors and others on Commission.
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HUSBAND'S CALCINED MAGNESIA is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.

A World's Fair Medal and four First Premium Silver Medals have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the druggists and country storekeepers, and by the manufacturer,
THOMAS J. HUSBAND,
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USE OF TOBACCO

In all its forms CURED AND PREVENTED. The medicine sent free, by mail, for Fifty Cents—five for Two Dollars, by DAY & SON,
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UNITED STATES
7-30 Loan.

THIRD SERIES,
$200,000,000.

By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the undersigned, the General Subscription Agent for the sale of United States Securities, offers to the public the third series of Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the

7-30 LOAN.

These Notes are issued under date of July 15, 1865, and are payable three years from that date in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into

U. S. 6-20 SIX PER CENT.
GOLD BEARING BONDS.

These bonds are now worth a handsome premium, and are exempt, as are all the Government Bonds, *from State, County, and Municipal taxation, which adds from one to three per cent. per annum to their value*, according to the rate levied upon other property. The interest is payable semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest at 7-30 per cent. amounts to

One cent per day on a			$50 note.
Two cents	"	"	$100 "
Ten	"	"	$500 "
20	"	"	$1,000 "
$1	"	"	$5,000 "

Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions.

The Notes of this Third Series are precisely similar in form and privileges to the Seven-Thirties already sold, except that the Government reserves to itself the option of paying interest in gold coin at 6 per cent., instead of 7 3-10ths in currency. Subscribers will deduct the interest in currency up to July 15th, at the time when they subscribe.

The delivery of the notes of this third series of the Seven-thirties will commence on the 1st of June, and will be made promptly and continuously after that date.

The slight change made in the conditions of this THIRD SERIES affects only the matter of interest. The payment in gold, if made, will be equivalent to the currency interest of the higher rate.

The return to specie payments, in the event of which only will the option to pay interest in Gold be availed of, would so reduce and equalize prices that purchases made with six per cent. in gold would be fully equal to those made with seven and three-tenths per cent. in currency. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

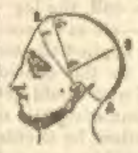
Now offered by the Government, and its superior advantages make it the

GREAT POPULAR LOAN OF THE PEOPLE.

Less than $210,000,000 of the Loan authorized by Congress are now on the market. This amount, at the rate at which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within sixty days, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the Loan, the National Banks, State Banks and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,
SUBSCRIPTION AGENT,
No. 114 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
May 15, 1865. PHILADELPHIA.
ap22-3m



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CHESTNUT ST.,
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PREMIER ARTISTE
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Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

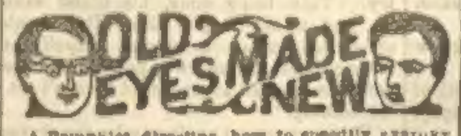
For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Fritots, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. 30s-cowly

$125 A MONTH!—Agents Wanted every where to introduce the improved *Shaw & Clark* $20 *Family Sewing Machine*, the *only* low price machine in the country which is *licensed* by Grover & Baker, Wheeler & Wilson, Howe, Singer & Co., and Bachelder. *All* other machines now sold for less than forty dollars each are *infringements*, and the seller and user are *liable to fine and imprisonment*. Salary and expenses, or large commission allowed. Illustrated circulars sent *free*. Address SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine. my13-3m

$70 A MONTH!—I want Agents everywhere, at $70 a Month, expenses paid, to sell *Fifteen Articles*, the best selling ever offered. Full particulars *free*. Address OTIS T. GAREY, Biddeford, Maine. my13-3m



A Pamphlet directing how to speedily restore sight and give up spectacles without aid of Doctor or medicine. Sent by mail free on receipt of 10 cts. Address E. B. FOOTE, M. D.,
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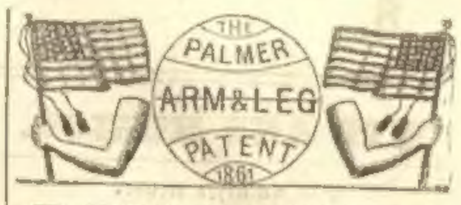
GOLD! GOLD!—I will send a Beautiful Engraved Gold Plated Watch Hunting Case, English movements, correct time-keeper, by mail, postage paid, for 4 dollars, or 5 for 15 dollars. Send all money in letters not registered as they will come safe. Address FRANK JAMES, Grayville, Illinois.



B. FRANK PALMER.

Surgeon-Artist to the Medical Colleges and Hospitals; Author of New Rules for Amputations; Inventor of the "Palmer Arm," Leg, &c., has removed to

THE STONE EDIFICE,
No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.—1609.
Three Squares West of the Old Stand.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in *unexampled perfection*. *Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of these inventions. *All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist,
oc23-1y 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.

WHEELER & WILSON'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,
No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	69
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	80
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a Premium for The Lady's Friend and The Saturday Evening Post—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,
319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

MR. J. C. RAPELYEA, of Monmouth Co., New Jersey, writes, March 18, 1859:

DYSENTERY CURED.

I was troubled in January last with costiveness for several days, and took ten grains of calomel to obtain relief. I caught cold, I suppose; at any rate, a severe diarrhœa set in, which my medical attendant found it impossible to arrest. This was followed by dysentery. My strength was all gone. Everything passed through me as I took it. A friend from New York, Mr. George Lewis, fortunately called on me and advised Brandreth's Pills. I thought, in my weakened condition, one pill would be enough; but he administered four, and the next morning four more. Much impurity came from me, and, to my surprise, the soreness and pain diminished. One box cured me fully. I am now hearty, with a fine appetite. You are at liberty to publish this.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, New York. ASK FOR NEW STYLE.

Obtain your first supply from one of these depots or from one of the regular advertised agents for the GENUINE BRANDRETH'S PILLS; you will then know how to discern between the true and the false.

Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. je3-2teow

NO HARDEE-HOOD

On the part of the South can prevent the success of the Union arms. Grant and Sherman's policy, like

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,

Everywhere establishes colors which are beautiful in the people's eyes. The hues of the National Flag are those of Heaven, but among all the dyes of Earth there is none save CRISTADORO'S that produces instantaneously perfect fac similes of nature's every shade of black and brown.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.

Sold by Druggists. Applied by all Hair Dressers. Price, $1, $1,50 and $2 per box, according to size.

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative

Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the hair.

Price, 50 cents, $1 and $2 per bottle, according to size. je3-2teow

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks, (upon the smoothest face,) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM,
feb27-1f 109 Nassau street, New York City.

AGENTS WANTED.—$10 per day clear profit. For particulars, enclose red stamp to WM. EARL, 19 White St., New York. ap15-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

The Notary's Bible.

Some few years ago there was a notary public in Washington, an old and highly-respected gentleman, who had held his office through all the political twistings and turnings of our capital for nearly twenty years. A young friend was in his office one day, and while sitting by the table, picked up a small, old, leather-covered book, which, upon being opened, proved to be "Thaddeus of Warsaw." He casually remarked to Mr. Smith, the notary—

"I see you have a copy of Thaddeus of Warsaw here."

"Thaddeus of Warsaw!" was the reply. "What do you mean?"

"Why, this is a copy of it."

"Thaddeus of Warsaw!" exclaimed the old gentleman. He snatched the book, gave one glance at it, and then cried out, "For twenty years I have been swearing people on that book, thinking it was a Bible! All those oaths ain't worth the paper they are written on!"

That very day he patronized the Bible Society Agency, and got a finely-bound copy, which could by no possibility be mistaken for a novel.

National Wit.

Italian wit is highly dramatic, spontaneous, genial. Among its proverbs are—"The dog earns his living by wagging his tail." "Make yourselves all honey, and the flies will devour it." "The smiles of a pretty woman are the tears of the purse." "He who takes an eel by the tail, or a woman by the tongue, is sure to come off empty-handed."

The characteristic of Spanish wit is excessive statelioess. Of their proverbs, "He who has nothing to do, let him buy a ship or marry a wife." "From many children and little bread, good Lord deliver us. "A fool is never a great fool unless he knows Latin."

French wit is characterized by *finesse*, brilliancy, dexterity, point, brevity. In repartee the French are unrivalled. Their conversation is not only an art, but a fine art. In punning they are unequalled. In no literature are there so many proverbs which speak disparagingly of the fair sex. "Man is fire, woman is tow—the devil comes and blows." "A woman conceals only what she doesn't know." "To get chickens one must coax the hen." "Scratch people where they itch."—*Prof. Angell.*

A Military Joke.

A certain intimate acquaintance was once in the army, and one day while his regiment was out for target practice, the commanding officer called to him, and said—

"Captain, I wish you to deploy your company across the vacant lot opposite the camp and drive the cattle off, as I wish to fire at a target over there."

Our friend saluted performed the duty required, and returning, said—

"Colonel, I have done as you ordered, but I don't think you used me just right in selecting myself and company for the duty."

Feeling assured that something was coming, the colonel, who knew what sort of chap the captain was, got all ready to laugh, and asked:

"Why not?"

"Because, sir, you showed us up before the whole regiment as *cow herds*."

The colonel turned his back.

EXAMINED AND APPROVED.—All who have been in the army are aware that at one time it was necessary to submit their letters to the Provost-Marshal for examination and approved before they could be mailed. This was the case when the troops were stationed near Winchester. Sam—then Acting Commissary—by virtue of his office and the good friendship of the Marshal, used to get his letters of affection passed through without the required endorsement. But one day he was busy, and sent a batch off, including one to Miss ———, who is soon to be Mrs. Sam ———, by a servant. All right so far, but imagine the feelings of the lady when the loving missive came to hand duly endorsed, "Examined and Approved, ——— ———, Captain and Provost-Marshal." And fancy Sam's "phelinks" when informed of the fact. It is said there was a "circus" for a time in his immediate vicinity, and that his expressions were rather forcible than eloquent.

HEALTH AND STUDY.—If by gaining knowledge we destroy our health, we labor for a thing that will be useless in our hands; and if, by harassing our bodies, though with a design to render ourselves more useful, we deprive ourselves of the abilities and opportunities of doing that good which we might have done with a meaner talent, which God thought sufficient for us, by having denied us the strength to improve it to that pitch which men of stronger constitution can attain to, we rob God of so much service, and our neighbors of all that help which in a state of health, with moderate knowledge we might be able to perform. He that sinks his vessel by overloading it, though it be with gold and silver and precious stones, will give his owner but an ill account of his voyage.

GENERAL GRANT.—The latest personal anecdote of General Grant is told of a recent journey of his in a railroad train, where he displayed, as usual, none of the insignia of his rank. A youthful book-peddler traversed the cars, crying, "Life of General Grant." A mischievous old pointed to the General's seat, suggesting to the boy that "that man might like a copy." Gen. Grant turned over the pages of the book, and casually asked:

"Who is it this is all about?"

The boy, giving him a look of indignation and disgust, replied:

"You must be a darned greeny, not to know Gen. Grant!"

After this volley, the Lieutenant General of course surrendered, and bought his biography.

☞ *Landlady* (deferentially)—"Mr. Smith, do you not suppose that the first steamboat created much surprise among the fish when it was first launched?"

Smith (curtly)—"I can't say, madam, whether it did or not."

Landlady—"Oh! I thought from the way you eyed the fish before you, that you might acquire some information on that point."

Smith (the malicious villain)—"Very likely, marm, very likely; but it's my opinion, marm, that this fish left its native element before steamboats were invented."

CLERICAL WIT.

SLIM PARSON (*who has fallen in with an old College Chum.*)—"Always thought you had High Church proclivities."

STOUT PARSON.—"Oh, no! I was always rather Broad than otherwise."

JUSTICE FIFTY YEARS AGO.—Chas. Knight, in his Autobiography, relates the following as an example of how justice was dispensed in England fifty years ago:

Under the guidance of the town clerk, corporate magistrates generally get through their business decently; but sometimes they made little slips. Late in the evening, an offender was brought before one of our mayors, having been detected in stealing a smock frock from a pawnbroker's door.

"Look in 'Burn's Justice,'" said the mayor to his son. "Look in the index for 'smock frocks.'"

"Can't find it, father; not there."

"What! no law against stealing smock frocks? Young fellow, you have had a lucky escape!"

The constable demurred at the discharge of the prisoner.

"Well, well, lock him up, and we'll see the town clerk in the morning."

SENSATIONAL ELOQUENCE.—A sensational clergyman out in Wisconsin told his hearers that he should divide his discourse into three parts; the first should be terrible, the second horrible, and the third terrible horrible. Assuming a dramatic tragic attitude, he exclaimed, in a startling, agonizing tone—

"What is that I see there?"

Here a little old woman in black cried out, with a shrill treble—

"It's nothing but my little black dog; he won't bite nobody."

The thread of the discourse was so badly broken by this curious interruption that the terrible horrible head was never reached.

A SAILOR'S LOVE OF FAIR PLAY.—In a ship yard in Pembroke, the other day, a tar from a man-of-war was observed watching two men dragging a seven-foot cross cut saw through a huge oak log. The saw was dull, the log very tough, and there they went—see-saw, see-saw, pull, push, push, pull. Jack studied the matter over a while, until he came to the conclusion that they were pulling to see who would get the saw, and as one was an immense big chap, while the other was a little fellow, he decided to see fair play; so, giving the big one a blow under the ear that capsized him, he jerked the saw out of the log, and giving it to the small one, he sung out, "Now run, you beggar."

MAN'S INCONSTANCY.

Write on the sand when the tide is low,
Seek the spot where the waters flow,
Whisper a name when the wind is heard,
Pause that the echo may catch the word.

If what you write on the sand should last,
If echo is heard 'mid the tempest's blast,
Then believe, and not till then,
That there is truth in the vows of *men*.

Throw a flower on the stream at morn,
Watch at eve for the flower's return;
Drop in the ocean a golden grain,
Hope it will shine on the shore again.

If *your* flower *you* again behold,
If *you* gaze on *your* grain of gold,
Then believe, and not till then,
That there is truth in the vows of *men*.

Lord Camden's Experience.

A ludicrous story is told of his being on a visit to Lord Dacre, in Essex, and accompanying a gentleman notorious for his absence of mind, in a walk, during which they came to the parish stocks. Having a wish to know the nature of the punishment, the chief justice begged his companion to open them so that he might try. This being done, his friend sauntered on, and totally forgot him. The imprisoned chief tried in vain to release himself; and on asking a peasant who was passing by to let him out, was laughed at, and told "wasn't set there for nothing."

He was soon set at liberty by the servants of his host; and, afterward, on the trial of an action for false imprisonment against a magistrate by some fellow whom he had set in the stocks, on the counsel for the defendant ridiculing the charge, and declaring it was no punishment at all, his lordship leaned over and whispered:

"Brother, were you ever in the stocks?"

The counsel indignantly replied, "Never, my lord."

"Then I have been," said the chief justice, "and I can assure you it is not the trifle you represent."—*Fox's Judges.*

AGRICULTURAL.

Clearing Out Corners.

EDITOR SATURDAY EVENING POST:

DEAR SIR:—These two past hours have I been working like a beaver, *clearing out a corner.* And now, if you will allow me to have my way for a few minutes, while I am sitting here resting from my labors—if you will allow me to dispense, through the medium of THE POST, a few of the ideas I am just now seised of, in regard to clearing out corners, I shall feel infinitely obliged.

Possibly I may miss a figure, or make a trifling blunder of some sort, but I pray the public not to charge them to my intention to mislead. I have cleared out my corner, and my success has so elated me, that, under excitement, it is just possible that I may overstep, by a few inches, the line of sober discretion.

Just you take a day's ride, Mr. Editor, if you shall ever find a day's leisure—which I don't suppose you will—around the outlying territory surrounding your city. Just topographize the large farms, small farms, market gardens, private gardens, and all cultivated patches, and make a tally of all the corners, great and small, flung utterly to waste, and worse than waste, and the chances are in favor of your being immensely astonished. You had not believed that we cultivators of the soil were so slovenly wasteful. I tell you that, as a class, we are the most consummate slovens alive. There is no particular section exempt from the self-accusation. Diggers in the dirt are slovens everywhere.

Neat enough in his person, a farmer may be; very particular about his house, barn, out-buildings, indoor arrangements; his carriages, clothes, victuals and all that. But you take a quiet look over, through, and about his farm, and if you don't find the sloven crop out somewhere in waste, unsightly corners, then he is not a farmer, or you have not investigated very closely.

Now here is this newly cleared out corner of mine which has been lying waste these dozen years, I have reclaimed from worse than nothing, at an outlay of three and a-half day's labor, shall net me $100 at the very lowest, this present season. There are legions of farmers and gardeners in every direction, who have unsightly, waste corners, that they might easily enough clear out to just as good an account.

The most pleasant feature about this recent clearing out of mine, is, that all the labor expended in its "reconstruction," has been by odd spells that but for such employment, would have been flittered away in idleness.

What makes almost all of these corners worse than so much waste, is the fact that they become the prolific hot-beds of noxious weeds, producing pestiferous seeds sufficient for ourselves and several of our neighbors.

It is thought that the reformed drunkard always makes the best temperance lecturer. By the same rule, why shouldn't a reformed *sloven* become the most efficient preacher of the doctrine of clearing out of corners. I am by no means certain that the qualification is in *me*, but by your leave, Mr. Editor, I shall hereafter, I don't mean in the next world—make attempts at individualizing corners that may be cleared out most advantageously.

There are as many indoor as outdoor corners that greatly require "cleaning out;" but my wife says:

"Pray, sir, let *me* take them in hand."

"So between us, Mr. Editor, if we do not give you periodical spells of "cleaning out," it will be because we shall not be permitted.

Derwentwater, May, 1865. VERNET.

Killing Canada Thistles.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Periodically, as often I think as semi-monthly, taking together agricultural journals and miscellaneous newspapers, we have a profuse breaking out of positive means for the extirpation of that rural pest—the Canada thistle. It would seem that if each one who sits down and writes us directions how to destroy the plague, had killed every man his thistle, the race would long since have become extinct. But as it is not, and on the contrary the thistle of Canada continues to push its fortunes further abroad, every year acquiring new territory, it is safe to conclude that just a few of these remedies fail in effect.

I have no doubt but that a Canada thistle may be killed as easily as a cat; but they possess one or two of the feline characteristics. They are not always dead when we flatter ourselves we have despatched them. Like pussy, they sometimes come to life again.

The *habitans* of Lower, or what *was* Lower Canada, have an admirable method of dealing with their thistles; i. e., it is admirable in their economy—a very great improvement, I think, on twenty-nine thirtieths of all published remedies.

Somehow a *habitan* always manages very cleverly to fight his thistles all into one field, keep them there *vis et armis*, and quietly wait their disappearance by *suicide*. He does not have so long a time to wait either—only four years.

In all the lower champagne country of Canada the ancient economy of land division is still maintained intact. Farms forty rods wide, and a mile and a half long, with *concession* roads crossing each other at right angles at the distance apart of the length of the farms, so that every farmer has a highway front at either end of his domain.

The farms are always fenced across from side to side, generally into square fields, and from one of these divisions to another, from end to end of his farm, the *habitan* chases his enemy—the thistle. His enemy—I should have said his friend. The French Canadian would not lose his first best fertilizer for any consideration.

Having persuaded their thistles into a field by themselves, that field is given up to them entirely, and four years they rule and reign there supreme. On the fourth year the thistles commit suicide. They squeeze, crowd and choke themselves to death. On the fifth spring not a thistle starts in that field. The *habitans* declare that in the fourth legitimate succession the Canada thistle bears no seeds. How much truth, or whether there be any, in this declaration, is more than I know. But I *do* know that the stock dies out in the fourth year.

Then comes the *habitans'* turn. The soil has become highly fertilized by the *debris* of four consecutive crops of thistles, and produces famous oats, barley and clover.

Thus the Canadian *habitan* rotates. Thistles—barley, oats, peas, clover, *thistles*—coming round to thistles every fifth year.

Probably the mowing off of Canada thistles when they are in bloom is the simplest, easiest, cheapest and most effectual mode of exterminating them. COSMO.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Madeline's Kitchen Cabinet.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TO PRESERVE EGGS.—I remember beginning to tell a good old lady once how to preserve eggs, and was interrupted with—

"Law sakes—what kind of preserves kin a body make outen eggs?"

Now I don't mean that. What I wish to tell is how to keep eggs *fresh*. I have an opinion that the only sure—always effectual way is to keep them *salt*. I know that will do it.

I assisted my husband once in putting down forty dozen eggs for cabin stores on a voyage to Buenos Ayres, and this is the way we did it: First we washed the eggs clean in warm water charged liberally with soda—common washing soda. When quite dry we baptized each egg separately in gum mucilage made of the cheapest gum Iac. Then we put into the bottom of a nail keg, two inches of coarse refuse salt and planted a layer of eggs in it small ends down and so close that they touched each other. Then two inches of salt again and another course of eggs, so we put away the forty dozen.

The ship was absent six months and twelve days, and on the morning after her return I breakfasted on board. We had fried eggs out of that lot just as sound and fresh in my opinion as they were the day we put them down.

The steward kept tally of the bad eggs he came to during the voyage. They amounted to forty-three. But as thirty-one of them had chickens in them the presumption is they were not quite sound when put down, as incubation would not be very likely to take place in a bed of salt.

Since then salt and mucilage has been our rule with eggs at sea and ashore. Better put down a few dozen in the spring than to depend on markets, grocers, or even the hens themselves for fresh eggs late in the season.

With eggs at 30 cents per dozen, and seven out of the twelve very far advanced toward—poultry or their primitive elements, eating eggs is neither pleasant nor profitable.

CARNE ASADA.—If I had two English words that would convey the meaning properly I would prefer to use them. But as I have never heard of any, I use the South American Spaniard's term for a peculiarly prepared beef steak.

Take any round or rump steak—the leaner the better. Have it cut not more than three-quarters of an inch thick, lay it out fair on a board, and take a heavy long-bladed knife so dull that you cannot possibly cut with it—begin at one end of the steak and hack—hack—hack lightly, but as rapidly as you please until you have hacked every hundredth part of an inch of the steak from end to end. Then turn and hack the opposite side—rub in salt, pepper, and any savory herbs that you like the taste of, and either fry or boil until done as you like it.

Prepared in this manner the interior of the steak can be cooked without drying up or burning to utter tastelessness the outside. It is better than frying up to the consistency of a rock oak chip a respectable piece of beef than douging it in an abominable compound of burnt grease, cold water, and three spoonsful of flour by courtesy called "dip," "gravy" sauce—and calling the whole murder an "elegant steak."

JUMBLES.—One pound of butter, one pound of sugar, four eggs, one pound and a quarter of flour, half a gill of rose-water. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, whisk the eggs, and add them to the butter and sugar, then the rose-water; lastly, stir the flour lightly through the other ingredients, roll it into round slips the thickness of your little finger. Form it into rings the size of half a dollar. Place them on tins about an inch apart, and bake them in a moderate oven. When cold, sift sugar over them.

POTATO PUFFS.—Take cold roast meat, either beef, mutton, or veal and ham; clear it from grisle, chop small, and season with pepper, salt, and cut pickles; boil and mash some potatoes, and make them into a paste with one or two eggs, roll it out with a dust of flour, cut it round with a saucer, put some of your seasoned meat on one-half, and fold it over like a puff, prick or nick it neatly round, and fry it a light brown. This is an excellent method of cooking up old meat.

THE RIDDLER.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 11, 2, 6, 5, 12, 18, 9, is one of our ablest generals.
My 10, 24, 9, is a river in Europe.
My 15, 5, 22, 7, 14, 9, 19, was a candidate for President of the United States.
My 15, 18, 11, 11, 26, 9, 10, 22, 9, is a noted United States Senator.
My 14, 8, 21, is causing considerable excitement in the North.
My 25, 6, 5, 24, 11, 22, 9, 12, is a very useful article.
My 23, 3, 12, 22, 11, is a river in Virginia.
My 9, 18, 17, 6, is a river in Africa.
My 1, 2, 13, 3, 20, 6, 5, is a place of amusement.
My 4, 3, 20, 1, 17, 6, 5, was the name of a paper written by Addison.
My whole was a familiar saying of our late President. HAMILTON Z. WILLIAMS.
Bellevue, Ohio.

Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. The dearest friend I have on earth,
2. A country of the sea;
3. An English author of true worth,
4. What you must some day be.
5. The greatest boon which we possess,
6. A poem of renown;
7. An article of ladies' dress,
8. A noted Russian town.
9. The author's proper Christian name,
10. A British seaman of great fame.

Place the initials properly,
And you will surely find
The scene of a great victory,
Won by a master mind.
Tallahassa, Texas. GAHMEW.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am a word of three syllables.
My first is an animal known to all,
Sometimes large, and sometimes small,
My second is an article, as you may see.
My third is a part of a fallen tree.
My whole is much used by principals of colleges to circulate the fruits of their knowledge.
Oxford, Ohio. ALICE C. ORR.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in friend, and also in foe.
My 2d is not in cast, but in throw.
My 3d is in silver, but not in coin.
My 4th is in unite, but not in join.
My 5th is in hand, and also in head.
My 6th in loaf, but not in bread.
My 7th is not in order, but in command.
My whole is dearly prized in every land.
Union Hill, Iowa. W. A. PERKINS.

Trigonometrical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a certain piece of land containing in area 34 acres and 64 perches. It lies in the shape of a triangle, the longest side of which is 200 perches in length. To ascertain the lengths of the other two sides, I applied a foot-rule, and from one of the corners I measured along this longest side 6 feet, and put a pin there. Then, from the same corner I measured along the other adjoining side 10 feet, and put a pin there. I then measured across from pin to pin, and found this distance 8 feet. Required, from this, to find the length of the other two sides respectively. DELTA.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Bought 100 bbls. of flour, at $5 per bbl., and immediately sold it on a credit of 6 months. The note which I received for pay I got discounted at the National Bank at Davenport, and on examining my money, I found that I had gained 20 per cent. on my purchase. What did I receive per bbl. for the flour?

MORGAN STEVENS.
Round Grove, Scott Co., Iowa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required the area of the greatest ellipse that can be inscribed in the quadrant of an ellipse whose semi-axes are 20 and 25 feet.

WALTER SIVERLY.
Oil City, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Who was the first girl? Ans.—Gene-sis.

☞ Why is a chemist like a wit? Ans.—Because he is furnished with good retorts.

☞ When is a wall like a fish? Ans.—When it is scaled.

☞ Why is man with a bad cold like a chest? Ans.—Because he is a cougher (coffer.)

☞ Why are indolent persons' beds too short for them? Ans.—Because they are too long in them.

Answers to Last.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—State of Matrimony. CHARADE—Work-box.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM, published March 18th:—54, 72, and 90.—Morgan Stevens. This question admits of an indefinite number of answers.

Answer to David Anderson's, same date:—1, 1, 1, 9, 16, 36.—J. M. Greenwood. 4, 36, 64, 144, 225, and 256; or 9, 49, 81, 169, 196, and 225; or 1, 4, 9, 9, 16, 25. D. Anderson's answer is 518806838776, 205846785104, 4020801 53984, 821386940416, 12884170944160, 162432-47601. The answer to this is also somewhat indefinite.—Subscriber.

Answer to D. Engell's PROBLEM, published December 3d, is:

1119801608 / 1105920000	1155013303 / 1105920000
1176429000 / 1105920000	1250000000 / 1105920000
1360056687 / 1105920000	1389018832 / 1105920000
1406058000 / 1105920000	

—Gill Bates.